THE LIVING AGE
Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844
NO. 3957

MAY 8, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FRENCH writers and public men are manifesting concern over the growing isolation of their country and the drift of sentiment in neutral Europe, Great Britain, and Italy toward a Central and Eastern European policy which in their opinion disregards French interests. Two of the articles which we print this week illustrate their campaign of justification, which is now at its height. Jean de Pange endeavors to show that France was excusable in defeating the application of the Fourteen Points to the treaty after having agreed to accept them. A still more distinguished defender of his country — its war President — in an article which we have not been able to give in full, argues against the revision of the treaty which not only Germany but nearly every other country in Europe is now demanding. Dr. Dernburg presents Germany's case in favor of a revision in a discussion of the Reparation Commission, of which former President Poincaré is now the chairman.

No other book written about the war and the treaty seems to have had a tithe of the influence upon Continental and British opinion that Mr. Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace* has exercised. It is natural, perhaps, that it should have been received with favor by the Central Powers; but it is being praised with less studied restraint in the press of the neutral countries and of Italy than in Germany and Austria. This almost universal endorsement — for the book has met with few serious attacks even in Great Britain — is partly explained by those paragraphs of President Poincaré's article which refer to the desire of Germany's creditors in other countries to see the solvency of their debtor speedily restored. Doubtless, Mr. Keynes's recommendation that America cancel Europe's financial obligations to its government inspires more cordial assent than these writers consider it becoming to manifest openly.

THE *Journal de Genève*, which has consistently favored the Allies, criticizes their policy in the recent Ruhr incident. After quoting Articles 42, 43, and 44 of the treaty, which prohibit the construction of fortifications or the presence of German forces, either permanently or temporarily, within a zone east of the Rhine, fifty kilometres wide, it says:

> This is perfectly definite. However, when the Radicals succeeded in overthrowing the German

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Government in this district the latter sent heavy forces there. At the same time Berlin directed its *Chargé d'Affaires* at Paris to request the approval of the French Government, and by implication that of the Allies. It made a specific request and was entitled to a definite yes or no. The Allied and French diplomats cannot be credited with frankness or decision in this crisis: they acted like children faced by an embarrassing question, and made no answer at all. The Germans, probably remembering the rule that 'silence gives consent,' issued a note stating that their request had been granted. Whereupon the diplomats broke their silence and protested that nothing of the sort had occurred. They explained that in view of the situation they could hardly refuse, but they did not want to create a precedent and so had said nothing. Their position was absurd to the point of ridicule, and made the whole matter a joke. Seriously, we have a right to expect better things of the men entrusted with the control of European policies. Such puerilities belittle their governments in the eyes of the world.

We have the more reason to be surprised at the failure of the Allied representatives to answer the German request, because it would not have been difficult to do so. They did not say 'no' at once, because they were afraid to leave the Spartacans a free hand. Therefore, they should have said frankly: 'You want to restore order? Good. We will not prevent you, inasmuch as we are unwilling to shoulder the task ourselves. But by making this request you acknowledge that you must have our consent, which is essential and which we can withdraw. So Articles 42, 43, and 44 are not violated and your action cannot be cited as a precedent in the future. When you have finished your job you will evacuate the district under our direction. Over and above this, the uprising has disclosed the fact that the inhabitants of this region have retained their arms, although they were supposed to have surrendered them. They prove to have plenty of cannon, machine guns, rifles, shells, and hand grenades; for the Spartacans are employing them freely. Therefore, we require you to disarm the inhabitants completely, and to turn their weapons over to us. We are justified in making this a condition of our request, since you ask us a favor which we have a right to refuse.'

The only really impossible and absurd attitude that France and the Allies could have adopted was the one they chose — that is, to permit events to follow their own course without taking a definite stand or imposing specific conditions.

ACCORDING to the Belgrade correspondent of *Il Messaggero*, the recent cabinet crisis in Jugo-Slavia has resulted in a complete reversal of the programme initiated by the former Social Democratic Government. This means a victory for the partisans of provincial autonomy over the policy of extreme centralization inaugurated immediately after the war. The federal movement is strengthened by the fact that the former Austrian provinces, which are its chief partisans, are in a much better economic condition than devastated Serbia and the new frontier provinces which were ravaged by the war. The recent subjects of Austria enjoy other advantages over their Southern neighbors; for instance, the percentage of illiteracy is seventeen among the Slovenes and forty-six among the Croats, sixty-five among the Bosnians, eighty among the Serbs, and ninety-five among the Montenegrins.

The new Premier, Protic, is a Radical Serb of anti-monarchist sympathies. The Prince Regent had the choice of inviting him to organize a cabinet, thereby weakening the dynasty, or of dissolving the Parliament and ruling autocratically until a new election. His decision to take the course he did, in opposition to the military party, occasioned general surprise; for Protic is an out-and-out republican.

When Protic was forming his cabinet the Prince Regent angrily rejected two of his nominees, characterizing them as 'murderers of Serbian subjects.' One of these was General Jovanovic, proposed for Minister of War, who ordered three Serb officers shot at Saloniki when he was in Austrian service. The other was the Mohammedan, Haraftnica, who, as Austrian military auditor in Serbia, had sentenced thirty citizens of that country to death. This is only one of

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many remarkable political incidents occasioned by the incorporation of former Austrian provinces in the new Jugo-Slav state.

Hungary is still enjoying a political *pax Romana* under what might be described as a constitutional dictatorship of Regent Von Horthy. Until the revolution, that country had one of the most reactionary suffrage laws in Europe, and during the war electoral reform was the principal domestic issue. Under the new constitution, women have the right both to vote and to hold office. The first woman member of Parliament, Margit Schlachta, has just taken her seat in that body. She won the election in her district against unusual handicaps. Not only was the novelty of a female candidate distasteful to conservative voters, but her political opinions were unpopular with radical extremists, who endorse equal rights for women. She was a candidate of the Moderates, and received strong Clerical support. According to a recent report, a new election law is proposed, greatly restricting the right of suffrage.

Roumania, like Jugo-Slavia, is torn by political conflicts complicated by the difficulty of absorbing into the old political system representatives from the extensive territories acquired in the course of the war. At the last election, the parliamentary delegates from the newly acquired provinces swamped Parliament and a Transylvanian statesman became Premier. However, the Transylvanians utilized their political influence to further a provincial autonomy programme which aroused the hostility not only of the representatives of the old Kingdom, but also of those from other annexed territories. Domestic issues, like the land question, also complicated the political situation. This led to the formation of a new cabinet under General Averescu, which was forced to dissolve Parliament and call a new election. According to recent reports the agrarians, or radical land reformers, and the Communists, won a majority of the seats in the new Parliament. This means a decided swing to the left in the Roumanian Government.

Although the country is facing apparently insuperable financial difficulties and its crop area is said to have been reduced one half by peasant sabotage, nevertheless, some progress is being made toward economic recovery. The Kingdom possesses valuable stocks of raw materials, upon which it has been unable to realize for lack of transportation. It is said to have four hundred thousand tons of petroleum in storage. The important railway bridge across the Danube, connecting Bucharest with Constantia, the Kingdom's Black Sea port, which was wrecked during the German invasion, is now being repaired with local materials and labor, and according to recent information, direct traffic *via* that route promises soon to be restored.

LABOR disturbances of a Bolshevist character recently occurred in Southern Italy, where in some instances workingmen took forcible possession of factories, ejecting proprietors and superintendents, and elected Soviets to operate them. As a correspondent from that region comments: 'They seem to have assumed that they were already living in Russia.' After a short period of irresolution, the authorities sent military forces into the district and restored order. Meantime, the Catholic party has endorsed a programme calling for the government purchase and subdivision of large estates; and a bill to break up the latifundia in Sicily is actually before Parliament.

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Similar unrest is manifesting itself with increasing frequency in France. One focus of these disturbances is in the Department of the Nord upon which France relies very largely for help in the work of national reconstruction. According to the London *Daily Telegraph:*

> The textile industry is now at a standstill. But it is more than a textile strike at Roubaix. A general strike is in operation there. The gas and electricity services have been stopped, and the tramcars can only be run by gendarmes protecting the drivers and conductors. The strikers flung several passengers from the vehicles and stoned policemen. The tramcars could not run after six o'clock, and those which attempted to make journeys were upset. Strikers also stopped taxicabs, lorries, and horse vehicles. The situation became so serious that the shopkeepers had to close their establishments. There were frequent collisions near the Belgian frontier, at Hallun and Mouscron, between troops and strikers, who sought to prevent Belgian workmen from returning to their work. The cafés have closed their doors, and cries of 'Long live Germany! Long live Bolshevism!' are heard.

PROFESSOR GEORGE NICOLAI, *Privatdozent* of Physiology in the University of Berlin, and the distinguished author of *The Biology of War*, was the centre of an interesting episode involving academic freedom *versus* academic reaction about the time of the recent military coup in Berlin. Professor Nicolai is a well-known heart specialist and the Empress was one of his former patients. Surprised in France, where he was on a professional visit, by the outbreak of the war, he returned to Germany and served as a volunteer in the sanitary corps, although he was by conviction a pacifist. He took this course against the advice of professional friends, who believed that he should reserve himself for his specialty, because although opposing war he believed it a humanitarian duty to help friend and foe alike. In October, 1914, when ninety-three German professors issued their famous protest denying Germany's guilt for the war and for the atrocities in Belgium, Nicolai published a counter 'Appeal to Europeans.' Shortly afterwards he was transferred to the fortress of Graudenz, which, the authorities thought, would effectively remove him from a position where his pacifist views might be dangerous. He devoted this period to writing *The Biology of War*. After the Lusitania was sunk, Nicolai frankly told his comrades that the violation of Belgian neutrality, the use of poisonous gases, and the torpedoing of merchant vessels were both moral crimes and acts of stupid folly, for which the German Empire would sooner or later have to pay the penalty. Nicolai was ordered by his superiors formally to withdraw this statement. This he refused to do, and as a consequence he was placed in practical confinement. An appeal to the Kaiser accompanied by serious illness caused him to be brought back to Berlin. It is credibly reported that the Kaiser himself wrote on the man's documents, 'This fellow is an idealist and should be left alone.' At Berlin, Nicolai began a course of lectures entitled, 'War as an evolutionary factor in the History of Mankind,' whereupon he was transferred to Danzig. Here he had to perform routine duties as a military nurse. His comments on the folly of employing a physician for such tasks at a time when skilled medical service was so urgently needed, caused him to be sentenced to prison for five months. Meantime, the manuscript of his book had been smuggled out to Switzerland. After various adventures with the authorities he was finally ordered into combatant army service. Rather than submit to this he attempted to leave the country, but was captured and imprisoned at Berlin, from whence he escaped to Denmark with the assistance of a friendly aviation officer.

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The Senate of Berlin University, whose constitution has not been modified appreciably since the revolution, remains a stronghold of Prussian Pan-Germanism. Counting apparently upon the support of the reactionary government which it hoped to see speedily installed, this body expelled Professor Nicolai from the faculty because of his conduct during the war, calling it as 'unjustifiable as patricide.'

Thereupon the Socialist Minister of Public Instruction promptly annulled the decision as *ultra vires*, since amnesty had been granted to all political offenders. While the controversy was at this point, the imperialists and royalists seized the government, greatly to the joy of the university authorities. Their self-congratulation was as short-lived, however, as the government on which they placed their hopes. Professor Nicolai retains his chair, and a reorganization of the University Senate is said to be in prospect.

A NEW group of initials — C. T. I. — is becoming familiar to the readers of the French press. The letters stand for *Confédération des Travailleurs Intellectuels*. This society has been organized on lines parallel with the General Federation of Labor, which embraces a large fraction of the organized manual workers of the republic. Its purpose is: 'To agree upon and enforce a common policy of action for the protection and welfare of the artistic and learned professions and to defend the rights of intellectual workers in general.' Up to the present, eight groups have been organized — artists, teachers, civil servants, literary men, press writers, members of the liberal professions, scientists, and engineers. This union for common defense, and for the promotion of common interests, is the result mainly of two conditions following the war: the challenge of manual workers inspired by Bolshevist teaching which denies the social value of the services performed by intellectual workers; and the material hardships which the latter are suffering through the failure of salaries to keep pace with the rising cost of living.

According to *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the union was originally suggested by a society of writers, which started among the frequenters of the famous *Closerie des Lilas* in Paris and took the name *Les Compagnons de l'Intelligence*. This society issued a manifesto from which the following is quoted:

> The intellectual class of France is in peril. It is threatened by the growing economic hardships under which artists, writers, scholars, and the members of the liberal profession suffer. This crisis promises to become still more acute, because the middle classes from which these callings receive most of their recruits is now the oppressed class. Brain work is losing prestige. The Socialist masses on one hand, and the newly rich on the other, despise artists and scholars and regard intellectual culture as a useless luxury. The false theory has become popular that manual labor is the sole creator of wealth, and that management, applied science, and invention are relatively minor factors in production. . . . We form a third estate between manual labor and capital, whose function it is to guide these, and even the survival of civilization is at stake in this contention. If this vital truth is to triumph, we must unite — we writers, artists, scholars, engineers, and members of the liberal professions. We must abolish the barriers that have hitherto separated science and technology, literature and technology, art and teaching, and must reconcile them with each other.

ACCORDING to the Italian press the recent National Loan of twenty billion lire (four billion dollars) has probably been over-subscribed. At least, that sum has been so nearly reached that the loan will probably prove a more brilliant success, in proportion to the resources of the nation, than any loan raised by the belligerent countries during the course of the war.

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To be sure, the subscriptions are partly of a refunding nature, as bonds of previous issues are acceptable in payment for the new ones. However, it is estimated that at least one third of the subscriptions represent new money. Part of this credit will be used by the government to retire some of the overabundant paper currency with a view to reducing prices and strengthening Italy's exchange abroad.

FRANCE is reported to have done wonderful work in developing Morocco, in spite of all the handicaps of the war, during the eight years it has exercised a protectorate over that country. Since the armistice, small landed proprietors, professional men, and peasants from the Eastern frontiers of France, who lost heavily in the war, are resorting to Morocco as a land where they can recuperate their fortunes. The rush of settlers is described in the London *Telegraph* as resembling similar movements in our own West. Indeed, the newcomers have hastened in before the authorities were prepared to receive them. Hotels are packed and the colonists are pushing ahead in advance of transportation. Cheap auto buses packed with natives and stifled European passengers, and trucks carrying utensils and heavy luggage, serve indifferently the immediate needs of the new settlements. Prices are naturally very high; for many of the supplies come from France with heavy freights and profits added to their original excessive cost. People pay five francs for a bottle of beer or lemonade. A pound of ham costs twenty francs. Native meat and eggs are not so dear. The postal service is conducted mainly by aeroplanes.

The country's undeveloped resources are described as extensive and promising.

The country to the west is very fertile; there are no deserts, and there is much water. But though there is much scope for land development, culture, and irrigation, the total extent available is not so very enormous as some people would have us believe. There is plenty of room — but it is not another Canadian Northwest, nor a Siberia; and it will probably not be very many years before it is all taken up.

The hilly country to the east will, as it is occupied, become available for timber, vines, olives, fruit culture. The mineral wealth is still a somewhat doubtful question. Signs there are of numerous minerals, and there is undoubtedly oil in the northern half. But the country is still too unsettled and unknown to allow of prospecting on a very large or secure basis.

In the meanwhile fairs and new markets are being established all over the country, and annual exhibitions are held with much success at Casablanca, Rabat, and other places.

The natural beauty of the country is being interfered with as little as possible, and broad-spaced European towns are being planned by the government well outside all the large native towns, both for sanitary reasons and in order not to mix up the modern European with the old native style. Along the new boulevards and streets, buildings are everywhere springing up, while there is a brisk demand for masons, artisans, and engineers of all sorts.

At Casablanca works and factories are already lifting their ugly heads and the town is humming with enterprise.

SINCE the beginning of the war more than twenty thousand new industrial companies have been formed in Japan, with an aggregate capital of about two billion dollars. Naturally there are many wild-cat enterprises in this list whose promoters have contrived to unload their stock upon a gullible public during the present era of high prices and wild speculation. The Imperial Government is reported to be on the point of intervening to check this abuse. It proposes to require promoters or underwriters of a new company to repurchase any of the stocks they sell at the price they received for them, within a specified period, which will probably be one year from date of sale.

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ABOUT the time of the recent Kapp revolt in Berlin a conservative ministry was peaceably installed under military pressure in Bavaria. The new Prime Minister, Von Kahr, is the son of a distinguished jurist and a strong Protestant of North German Conservative leanings. This means that he is also an anti-Semite. Most of the other Ministers are Catholic Clericals. The Social Democrats have refused to participate in this ministry. It would be premature to charge the new cabinet with either secessionist or monarchist leanings. As a result of this incident the Social Democrats and Independent Socialists have drawn closer together. Munich's brief Communist régime, like that of Budapest, seems to have played strongly into the hands of reaction.

AUSTRALIA proposes to increase existing duties on imports and to levy ninety-five new duties, in a revised tariff law just submitted to the Commonwealth parliament. As a result of wartime embargoes a number of new industries have arisen in that country. The proposed tariff retains the existing preference to British manufactures, which applies to more than five hundred items and varies from five to twenty per cent. Among the duty increases are ten per cent on woolens, agricultural machinery, and implements, and fifteen to twenty per cent on motor car parts.

ON March 25, delegates of the Latin Monetary Union, representing France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece, met at Paris and agreed upon a revision of the articles of the Union, subject to ratification by their respective governments. Among the principal new measures adopted was one to confine the circulation of fractional silver currency to the country where it is coined. The coin quota of the different members of the union was modified, that of Switzerland being increased from sixteen francs to twenty-eight francs per capita. Belgium is authorized to coin twelve million francs of small money in base metals for use in the Congo.

LA PUBLICIDAD, a Barcelona daily, with an excellent South American news service, publishes accounts of a continuation of the labor disturbances throughout the country districts of the Argentine. These accounts produce an impression that Bolshevist or anarchist agitation is serious and widespread in that country.

MOST of the German universities report a record attendance since the war, especially at their courses in political science and economics. Berlin has 12,964 enrolled; Bonn 6560; Leipzic, 5800; even the new University of Hamburg reports a matriculation of 1500. Munich is the only prominent university where attendance has declined. Students are hostile to the City of Kurt Eisner and the Bolshevist *coup d'état*. Paris has a larger attendance (16,000) than any German university.

EL SOCIALISTA, a Madrid paper, whose party affiliation is indicated by its name, publishes a sarcastic little article upon the proceedings of the Catholic Labor Unions of Orihuela, a provincial town of some thirty thousand people in Catalonia, who organized a demonstration, resulting in a riot, to protest against the sale of the Bull Ring to a manufacturing corporation which contemplated erecting a factory on the site. This opposition to converting 'a site of brutal festal slaughter' into a 'home of industry' furnishes the text for an attack upon the Clerical opponents of the Socialists and upon the social backwardness of the Spanish nation.

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[*Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic Bi-monthly), *March 25*]

THE ARMISTICE AND THE FOURTEEN POINTS

BY JEAN DE PANGE

UPON receiving the text of the Versailles Treaty on May 8, 1918, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, speaking in the name of the German delegation, used the following words:

> In this Conference, where we stand alone, without allies, face to face with a host of powerful adversaries, we are not without defenders. You yourselves have summoned us as an ally: the rights which were guaranteed us by the agreement signed by you at the beginning of the armistice. . . . On October 5, 1918, the German Government proposed as a basis of peace negotiations, the principles promulgated by the President of the United States of America. On November 5, Mr. Lansing, the Secretary of State of that country, replied that the Allied and Associated Powers agreed to accept these bases subject to two specified reservations.

These words were addressed to the presiding officer of the Conference, Mr. Clemenceau, who had not followed the example of Lloyd George, but had accepted the Fourteen Points of President Wilson without making the reservations necessary to protect French interests. Our adversaries thereupon denied that we had the right to go beyond the limits within which we had imprudently confined ourselves. These were their tactics throughout the debate upon the treaty. Now they declare officially:

> The solemn engagements of Secretary Lansing's note of November 5 have been violated, but they are still in effect, and upon them we base the right which we shall inevitably use to insist upon a revision of the Peace Treaty.

This declaration is published at the beginning of a collection of official documents entitled, *The Preliminaries of the Armistice*, and published by Mr. Ebert's government. The minutes of the Councils of War held at the Grand Headquarters and of the Cabinet meetings held at Berlin, memoranda of telephone conversations between the military and civilian leaders of Germany, and copies of telegrams exchanged with the Imperial Suite, are printed here. They show vividly how, when the great German Empire drove headlong to its final shipwreck, its pilots seized the plank of safety offered them by Wilson's programme.

The collection begins with the minutes of a Crown Council held at Spa on August 14, where the Emperor presided. At that time, the Empire still retained all its conquests in Russia, the Balkans, Belgium, and France. But for six days its leaders had known that it had received a fatal wound. A month previously, when the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Von Hintze, asked if the Champagne offensive would result in 'a decisive and final victory,' Ludendorff after repeating the question declared, 'My answer is a formal, yes.' But something happened on the eighth of August, which Ludendorff calls, 'A black day in Germany's history,' which revealed the moral exhaustion of his troops. Whole divisions fled in panic when attacked by tanks between the Somme and the Luce. What was worse still, the reinforcements hurrying up for their support were hooted by the fleeing soldiers with cries of 'war prolongers — strike breakers.' Later, Ludendorff, who was

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always inclined to find a physical explanation for things, attributed the rout of August 8 to the grippe and to a shortage of potatoes. But from that day on no one was really deceived. The greater part of the German army was dispirited and weary of fighting. What hope was left, in view of the enormous superiority which the Entente possessed in men, munitions, and raw materials? After August 14, the Emperor, the Chancellor, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and Von Hintze, all recognized the necessity of beginning negotiations. The last named gentleman was directed to invite the Queen of Holland to mediate, in order to avoid the appearance of Germany's taking the initiative.

On the second day after the defeat upon the Somme, August 10, the Emperor of Austria declared positively that a general peace must be concluded during 1918, 'no matter what the conditions,' or he would be obliged to make peace separately. Then, accompanied by Count Burien, he hastened to Spa, where he spent the fourteenth and fifteenth of August trying to persuade Emperor William to dispense with intermediaries, and to send at the first possible moment an invitation for a peace conference to all the belligerents. On August 19, Count Burien, expressing the desire of his sovereign, addressed himself directly to Turkey and Bulgaria, asking them to join in his representations that peace must be made within eight or ten days. He took this action without consulting beforehand Kaiser Wilhelm. The latter keenly resented this as violating the agreement between the two Empires. But time was pressing. On August 24, at a conference held at the Ministry of the Interior, to which the chiefs of all the party delegations in the Reichstag were invited (including Ebert), Von Hintze asserted that the war must be ended at the earliest possible moment. Nevertheless, he agreed with Ludendorff that negotiations should be begun through neutrals. When Switzerland and Sweden were approached upon this subject, they replied that such an effort on their part would be considered as hostile by the Entente. Was it possible to expect more of Holland, as Ludendorff fancied? Austria could not wait to ascertain this, and in spite of the insistence of Kaiser Wilhelm, and of Von Hintze, who went to Vienna, Count Burien, on September 14, dispatched a note requesting the belligerents to open peace negotiations.

The breaches in the imposing edifice of the quadruple alliance rapidly grew wider. An irreparable break was made in its line of defense when Bulgaria was overrun. On the evening of September 26, Ludendorff summoned Mr. Von Lersner, who represented the Foreign Office at headquarters, and told him that the Bulgarian army seemed to have been 'completely dispersed.' In his memoirs he says that it 'dissolved and went home.' That means that the strike spirit had triumphed. An effort was to be made to keep Tsar Ferdinand on the throne by concentrating at Sofia all the German troops available, 'officially in order to protect the retreat of the Bulgarian army, but really to protect the King from his government.' Above all, it was necessary to keep a watch upon Roumania, where recent events might provoke a catastrophe. How much longer could they count on Austria and Turkey? Ludendorff realizes that this is the beginning of the end, and has the Minister of Foreign Affairs invited to come to Spa for a conference. He sees but one way of obtaining acceptable conditions from the Entente — a direct appeal to President Wilson. He writes:

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America's decisive military intervention in France, without which the Entente would have been defeated long before, offered the prospect that Wilson would be able to make England and France accept the terms which he had enunciated, by giving them the force of an actual engagement. It was necessary to clear up this point. If our opinion of Wilson was confirmed, we might accept the Fourteen Points as the basis of negotiations. They were very harsh, but at least they were precisely defined.

After September 29, Ludendorff, completely in accord with Hindenburg, forced Von Hintze and then the Emperor to approve his programme. The same day the latter caused an order to be published accepting the resignation of Chancellor Hertling and proclaiming that a government would be organized on a parliamentary basis, with the collaboration of the chiefs of the parties represented in the Reichstag. The German leaders counted upon the favorable effect of this political change upon Wilson, to whom the new government would be forced to address its request for an armistice and a conference to negotiate peace in accordance with the Fourteen Points promulgated by the President on January 8, 1918. This plan was communicated to Turkey and Austria, who had reported that they were at the limit of their powers of resistance. In order to persuade the chiefs of the parliamentary parties to endorse his views, Ludendorff had Major Von dem Busche explain to them the true military situation. 'The collapse of the Bulgarian front has ruined our plans.' On the West, the superiority of the Entente has been greatly increased by the unexpected success of tanks employed *en masse*. These caused panics and produced confusion in the plan of battle. They were responsible for the large number of German prisoners taken and the consequent rapid exhaustion of reserves. As a result it had been necessary to abolish twenty-two divisions of infantry. No hope remained of forcing the enemy to make peace by military means; it was necessary to stop fighting at once before Germany's weakness became evident to its enemies.

Indeed, on September 26, the Entente armies began their concentric attack from the Meuse to the North Sea. Under this terrible pressure, the German line broke at several points. Ludendorff betrayed signs of a nervous collapse. On the first of October, at one in the afternoon, he instructed Lersner to transmit to the Minister of Foreign Affairs his urgent request to dispatch an offer of peace at once. 'To-day, our lines are intact, but we cannot foretell what may happen to-morrow.' An hour later he repeated this request through the Chancellor of the Legation, Grunau, asserting: 'At any moment our front may be broken and we may be compelled to solicit peace under less favorable conditions.' Grunau adds: 'I was under the impression that he had completely lost his self-control.' At midnight, Ludendorff again ordered Lersner to report, 'The army cannot hold out forty-eight hours longer.' He insisted that a peace offer should be sent 'in the most expeditious way possible,' if necessary, using the wireless station at Nauen. The following day Lersner sent the Foreign Office the text of a note composed by Ludendorff personally, offering to negotiate peace on the basis of Wilson's programme. The new Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, who opposed this measure, the next day, vainly protested to Hindenburg that it meant losing the German colonies, Alsace-Lorraine, and the Polish provinces. The opinion at Grand Headquarters was that Germany would be fortunate to get off so easily. Hindenburg answered that the situation was getting constantly worse, and that not

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a moment should be lost. So, the same day, October 3, the note was sent to President Wilson, practically in the form in which it was composed by Ludendorff.

The first object of that general, and of Hindenburg, was to have Wilson's programme recognized as the basis of negotiations. Consequently, when a reply was received from the President of the United States, inquiring if the Imperial Government 'accepted the conditions outlined by the President in his message of January 8 to Congress, and in his subsequent messages, and if it was ready to withdraw its troops back of the German frontiers,' the Chancellor replied in the affirmative. Hindenburg impressed upon the latter the necessity of obtaining the adherence of all the Entente Governments to this programme. He considered this a necessary guaranty against more exorbitant demands by the Entente. Consequently, he himself wrote the following paragraph of the second German note sent to President Wilson on October 12: 'The German Government assumes that the governments of the Allied Powers are in full accord with the United States in respect to the assurance given by President Wilson.'

On October 14, America's reply was received. It demanded satisfactory guaranties 'for the maintenance of the present military superiority of the United States and her allies.' In other words, Germany was to be disarmed under the armistice conditions before negotiations started. 'Furthermore, in his reply to our second note, Wilson did not state that the Entente had accepted the Fourteen Points.' This is the way that Ludendorff expresses himself in his memoirs, showing clearly that this was his principal object of solicitude. What would be the outcome if the Allies should formulate their claims independently of Wilson's programme? In view of this uncertainty he thought it best to fight further. At a Cabinet meeting, held at Berlin on October 17, and presided over by Prince Max of Baden, he said: 'Soldiers' luck is the very substance of war. Perhaps this soldiers' luck will again return to our banners.' But would the German people risk the chance? When interrogated on this point the new Socialist minister, Scheidemann, expressed himself as follows:

> The people have been disheartened by the unsuccessful submarine campaign, by the superiority of the enemy in equipment, by the defection or complete disorganization of their allies, and by the growing distress at home. The working people are coming more and more to say: 'Better a terrible disaster than a terror without end.'
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> *General Ludendorff:* Cannot Your Excelency manage to revive the morale of the masses?
>
> *Secretary of State Scheidemann:* It is a question of potatoes. We have no more meat. We cannot supply potatoes because there is a shortage of four thousand cars daily. We 're entirely without fats. The situation is so critical that I am helpless for an answer if you ask me how Northern Berlin and Eastern Berlin continue to exist. Until we have solved that problem it is impossible to restore courage. In fact, it would be dishonest to leave the slightest doubt on this subject.

Ludendorff shouted: 'Get a hold of the people; carry them with you. Mr. Ebert, can't you do that? We must do it.' But how were they to conceal from the people the spectre of inevitable and ultimate defeat? Did they not recognize that Roumania was sure to come back into the war after the surrender of Bulgaria, and to deprive Germany of the petroleum indispensable for the submarine campaign? Did they not recognize the fearful numerical inferiority of the German army, sure to be increased by the defection of all their allies? The spirit of the German people was so disheartened, so permeated with Bolshe-

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vism, that the contagion of its despair would be fatal to the army if the armistice made it necessary to withdraw the troops from the frontier.

On October 20, Hindenburg had the Chancellor telephoned: 'Turkey has commenced peace negotiations; Austria will follow immediately; very shortly we shall be left alone. Are the German people ready to fight to the last man to defend their honor?' There was no answer to this appeal. The same day the German Government consented to President Wilson's conditions, 'confident that none of them will be incompatible with the honor of the German people and with the establishment of a just peace.' On October 23, the President replied that he had asked the Powers with which his government was associated in the war to cause armistice conditions to be drafted by their military experts in conference with those of the United States, providing 'that these Powers are willing to conclude peace according to the principles announced.'

On October 25, Ludendorff visited the Ministry of the Interior to see the Vice-Chancellor, Von Payer. He wanted to extract a promise from that gentleman that if the armistice conditions were too harsh he would appeal to the people to rise *en masse*. The Vice-Chancellor refused. The day of fighting was over. Upon leaving, Ludendorff, moved by profound emotion, said: 'All hope is lost; Germany is undone.' The next day he resigned. On October 27, the Emperor of Austria reported to Kaiser Wilhelm that since his people had neither the strength nor the will to continue the war, he would ask for a separate peace and conclude an immediate armistice. The latter was signed on October 30. It placed at the disposal of the Allies all the railways of Austria. The following day Turkey capitulated. Uprisings occurred in Bohemia and Poland. Germany was at the mercy of the Allies, who could attack it from every side and give it the *coup de grâce*. Would they accept Wilson's programme, which was Ludendorff's sole hope? Berlin cherished little hope. In a memorandum dated October 31, the Secretary of State, Solf, expressed himself as follows:

> Wilson desires a peace of justice as the basis of his programme. The Entente rebels against accepting this programme. It wishes to conclude peace on its own terms, which are much more severe. At the same time, the Republican party in America, influenced by Roosevelt, demands the unconditional surrender of Germany. Wilson as a politician dare not run counter to public opinion, since the elections for Congress will be held in America on November 5, where the Democratic party, which is supporting Wilson, has but a small majority.

So the decision rested in the hands of the Entente. Recently there has been published a detailed account of the historical scene that occurred on November 3, 1918, in the cabinet of M. Pichon at the Foreign Office, where Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Colonel House, who represented President Wilson, were present. The military conditions of the armistice were settled. Whereupon Colonel House declared that before submitting them to Germany, President Wilson demanded the adherence of England and France to the conditions of peace which he had formulated in the Fourteen Points of his address of January 8, 1918. Clemenceau objected that this seemed incredible, and that he had never even read these articles. Thereupon they began to read them. When the second one, relative to the liberty of the seas, was read, Lloyd George in the name of England made a reservation stating that he would not permit the question of maritime supremacy to be raised. That was the article which public opinion in America supported most

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strongly. It was surrendered, however, upon the insistence of Lloyd George, who also required that the Germans should be bound to compensate civilians for their losses. These two modifications were specified in President Wilson's message to the German Government, dated November 5, as the only reservations which the Allied Governments made in accepting the conditions of peace formulated in the Fourteen Points. This message was received in Germany with joyous surprise. Our enemies had solemnly promised to observe the Fourteen Points promulgated by Wilson. The German people considered the war over. Wilson was the most popular man in the country.

England, thanks to the frankness of its representatives, was able to place beyond question, before the matter began to be discussed, the reservation which it considered essential for its interests. But what did France gain? Clemenceau, in accepting the Fourteen Points, did not make a single reservation. Was he thinking solely of the eighth, which mentions, 'reparation for the wrong caused France in 1871,' considering that it embraced all the guaranties and reparations which the successive violations and mutilations of our Eastern frontier for the past hundred years justified our demanding? Did it mean that we were to have back our boundary of 1814? It is admitted in case of Poland, that its rights still survive after a century and a half of Prussian occupation. Now, France does not demand the four departments on the left bank of the Rhine, annexed by Prussia in 1815, but it may justly insist that the population of the Rhine valley shall be withdrawn from Prussian control, against which it once vigorously protested. It is not necessary to detach them from Germany, which was the only plan M. Tardieu discussed when he defended the Peace Treaty before the Chamber of Deputies, but to let them form a government within the German federation distinct from Prussia. They are not attached to Prussia by tradition or sentiment. Instead of reserving membership in the League of Nations solely to the conquerors, why not admit the Rhinelanders and place the Capital of the League in their province, where at the tomb of Charlemagne the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire, the grandest international political conception which the world has ever seen, still survive? How would the erection of such a German state, bound to perpetual neutrality, violate the programme of President Wilson?

As late as November 3, France might have followed the example of England before accepting the Fourteen Points, and have enforced the modifications which it considered necessary. However, its representatives endorsed them unconditionally. Did this mean without mental reservations? M. Pichon seems to have given the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the Chamber of Deputies the impression that it was merely a pro-forma acceptance, given on the assumption that the details would be discussed anew when Mr. Wilson arrived in France. Mr. Wilson, however, like the English, considered that 'the character of the contract entered into between Germany and the Allies, resulting from the terms of the armistice, is clear and unequivocable.' That accounts for the disapproval with which our allies later received our protests, and for the serious misunderstanding in which we are involved with the United States. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau was perfectly right in saying to M. Clemenceau on May 8, 1918: 'You yourselves have given us an ally.'

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[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Democratic Daily), *January 25*]

THE REPARATION COMMISSION

BY BERNHARD DERNBURG

POWERS and duties of very wide extent are entrusted to the Reparation Commission by the Peace Treaty. Its function is to assure for the Entente for a generation or more the maximum indemnity which it will be possible to squeeze out of Germany. This at once brings us to the fundamental condition of the problem, which is that this situation creates a powerful community of interest between the Entente and Germany, even though that interest be one-sided. For it is at once evident — as the general memorandum accompanying the treaty states — that Germany's economic activity and capacity for production must not be strangled. Indeed, more than this, our economic vigor must be restored by supplying us with raw materials and provisions, something likewise provided for in the Peace Treaty. So far, to be sure, we have no indication of the source from whence these are to come and have witnessed no deliveries. We need such things urgently. I do not share the government's optimism as to their speedy arrival.

This community of interest, which resembles that existing between a creditor and an insolvent debtor to whom he has advanced money as receiver, therefore centres in the desire of this creditor to increase the debtor's ability to pay what he owes. All clear-sighted men will recognize this as soon as the economic provisions of the treaty are removed from the field of theoretical discussion to that of practical application.

The former French Minister of Finance, Klotz, recently described the situation by saying: 'France has become Germany's banker, to whom it has advanced already twenty-five billion francs in the sums that it has spent for restoring its war-devastated territories.' The main thing now is to work out practical measures for dealing with this theoretical situation.

First of all, let us sketch briefly the essential conditions required in order that Germany may be able to comply with its obligations — obligations which no one who knows our people intimately doubts our desire honestly to fulfill. We may be perfectly aware that it never will be possible for us to fulfill many of these conditions, but that is something to be demonstrated after confidence between all parties has been reëstablished.

The first principal requisite is settled government in Germany itself. The only form of settled government possible as things are at present is a democratic republic. Consequently, the first task is to perfect and strengthen this form of political organization. It is the only kind of government which guarantees the degree of order and security necessary for a resumption of production. The Entente cannot hope to get a thing either from a Bolshevist Germany, or from a Germany torn by civil wars and seduced by chauvinist or imperialist visions. Consequently, the Allied governments must avoid doing anything that will imperil the existence of the

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present government. The republic is still young and suffering from various infantile diseases. It is threatened by both Conservatives and Radicals. It vigorously repelled the attempted insurrection on January 13, but the nation is honeycombed with rebellion and treason. Those terms are none too strong to apply to the irresponsible strike agitation. The Entente must not deprive us of sufficient military forces to protect our threatened public order, and it will have to postpone its demand that we disarm entirely.

Germany cannot fulfill its obligations except as a complete industrial state. It has already been deprived of Memel, Danzig, Alsace-Lorraine, West Prussia, Posen, and the Saar district. The fate of Eupen, Malmedy, Schleswig, and Upper Silesia is still to be decided. Already we know that we have lost our merchant marine, our colonies, our warehouses and depots overseas, and our investments abroad. No one can tell to-day, even approximately, the extent to which our productive capacity has been diminished by these losses. We know that our credit balance has vanished with the destruction of all sources of income from other countries, and that we have been rendered far more dependent than hitherto upon foreign products — such, for instance, as potatoes from Posen and iron ore from Lorraine. Nothing threatens the success of the Entente in collecting compensation from us more than this very exchange situation. That renders us unable to pay our enemies in the foreign currency agreed upon, and this in turn has depressed the exchange of those countries themselves. To see this, one need only compare the parallel curve of depreciation exhibited by the franc and the mark in neutral countries. For naturally, what Germany cannot pay France, that country, which is heavily obligated to other countries, must provide from its own pocket. So the community of interest caused by the common fall of exchange is very close, and is equally serious for all parties. This makes it all the more imperative for the Entente to renounce its efforts to divide our country, to parcel Germany out, to make the Rhine a frontier, and to administer the occupied territories as if they were conquered lands. But all the ordnances which the Supervisory Committee is enforcing in the Rhine provinces and the Palatinate are conceived in that unjust spirit. Those ordnances are crippling German production and paralyzing the spirit of industry in our country. The German people will never tolerate a 'cake and whip' policy. If such a policy is intended to weaken our country politically, it will prove unsuccessful in that respect; but it is very likely to reduce our productive capacity and our financial strength.

Those districts have become the centre of a demoralizing, illicit traffic, a sort of international smuggling headquarters. We now know it as 'The Hole of the West,' that breach in our frontiers through which the economic resources of Germany are trickling away, where every opportunity is afforded for absconding with such property as can be realized upon, and thus withdrawing it from the tax jurisdiction of the German Government. It is through this unprotected frontier that German goods are getting out, and that luxuries and trash are being imported which increase our debts to other countries and accelerate the decline in our exchange. If we are prevented from collecting duties in gold upon all our imports, raising our taxes, controlling the trade passing our own borders, and are unable to stop this smuggling — which profits nobody but a few gamblers — we cannot re-

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store our credit balance or put our national finances on a solid basis. Until we can do these things, our exchange will continue as bad as it is now. If it does continue on its present impossible basis, the Entente will never be able to collect compensation from our country.

Mr. Hoover's statement has eliminated the hope that either we or the Entente may get credit from the United States to restore our exchange. The only way that is left is to re-establish a favorable balance in our foreign trade. This is impossible unless we can sell our goods at just prices. Such prices are imperative in case of the things we are required to deliver our opponents in kind — coal, raw materials, and ships. These are now credited to the compensation we must pay, but not at market prices. Such goods should be credited to us at their true market quotations.

This is more than a simple demand of justice. To credit these deliveries in marks without allowing for the difference in exchange robs Germany of the very conditions of existence. Remember, we must pay for these goods in Germany in order to get them to deliver to the Allies. In order to do this, we are constantly increasing our public debt. If, for instance, we do not get true market prices for our coal, we shall soon be rendered incapable of delivering that coal. In all candor, the requirement that we deliver up to 42,500,000 tons of coal a year is probably the worst economic blunder, strictly from the Entente point of view, which the Allies could have committed. It is calculated to paralyze the industrial recovery of Germany and absolutely to prevent our producing goods for export. It is preventing our railways from resuming normal operation. It is stopping the construction of buildings and machinery. We must, therefore, strive to open the eyes of our opponents to the fact that our mutual interest demands that we deliver manufactured goods instead of raw materials to our neighbors. Quite apart from the fact that just now France is not able to transport the coal which we deliver to her, is the additional fact that we cannot provide the amount which we have agreed. No matter how much we may desire it, it is simply an impossibility. The Commission, which has every facility for ascertaining the facts, must speedily come to this conclusion of its own accord. If we are to resume production, we have got to have coal and raw materials. Unless we do resume production, we cannot possibly pay the Entente what we have agreed to pay.

But there is one thing which is even more important than raw materials in restoring our national solvency — that is a spirit of willing industry among our own people. You cannot have this spirit until you offer them the hope of some reward for their labor, unless you open to them the prospect of eventually liberating themselves from the crushing load which now oppresses them. Therefore, the amount of compensation or indemnity we are to pay should be fixed as soon as possible. This amount must be within the bounds of reason. I still believe that our offer at Versailles to pay the Entente 100,000,000,000 marks in gold, under the conditions annexed to the proposal at that time, would have afforded a very desirable settlement from the point of view of the Allies. At that time, German exchange was much higher than now. To-day it would be impossible to make such a tender with the honest expectation of carrying out what we promised. The 100,000,000,000 gold marks which we then promised as an annual maximum would mean to-day more than 12,-

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500,000,000 in paper. We could not raise that amount. It would be impossible. Our people, in a word, must see some prospect of eventual liberation. If that is denied them they will not work. We shall merely have universal depression, stagnation, and collapse. We should also have a frank statement that we shall be provided with the things we must have in order to pay our debt. This may not be given us from sympathy, which we can hardly expect, but from self-interest. Up to the present we have had no explicit statement to encourage us. Instead of that we have so far got nothing but rebuffs and insults in the form of brutal notes and arbitrary attacks. To regard peace as merely a subsequent phase of the war is false in principle, and it does not profit the Entente to adopt such a policy.

But mere willingness to work and means to work with do not constitute production. We must have a third thing — credit. We can never receive credit if the Entente imposes upon us annual payments which render us nationally insolvent and prevent our ever balancing our budget. We must bear in mind that the principal purpose in view in restoring our public finances to a sound basis is to stop the present ruinous inflation. We have now at least 100,000,000,000 marks of paper in circulation. What is there behind it? Nothing but our national credit. Deprive the government of its ability to pay the annual interest and its debts, and you deprive our money of its value. You bring to the ground with a crash every one of our credit institutions, and the result will be to paralyze production. Our imperial budget contains two principal items — interest upon bonds and allowances to war invalids. Both of these must be provided for, otherwise we cannot continue going. We shall have no source of credit and we shall have no peace in our own country. The Reparation Commission must inspire us with confidence in its wisdom and reasonableness. It will be easier and more profitable for it to operate with the good will of the Germans than by measures of compulsion.

[*Revue des deux Mondes* (Liberal Bi-monthly), *April 1*]

A DEFENSE OF FRANCE

BY RAYMOND POINCARÉ

I KNOW good Frenchmen who are in despair at the difficulties which face us, and have lost faith in our alliances. They say: 'See our position; for months we have been wrangling with England in Asia Minor. Mr. Wilson has so completely forgotten us that he only recalls us now in a cloudy dream, where he confuses us with Germany to the point of accusing us of Imperialism. Italy, to win whose favor we have alienated the President of the United States, now appeals to the Supreme Economic Council to fix our war indemnity at a very moderate sum. Whatever way we face, we encounter only indifferent glances or eyes that avoid our own. What else

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could we expect? As soon as peace was signed, the Allied Nations betook themselves home crowned with laurels and eager to reap all the fruits of victory. France, whose sacrifices surpassed those of other nations, stood face to face with ten ruined departments and fourteen hundred thousand graves. It tried to sound the abyss between its national income and expenditures without striking bottom. Crushed by its debts, bereft of its workers, stripped of raw materials, fuel, and food, it has gradually lost, in the eyes of its friends, the halo of glory which formerly inspired their admiration, and has fallen in their opinion to the rank of a poor relation whose indiscretions and importunities they resent.'

Let us suggest to those who hold these gloomy views that even in the stress of war our alliances resisted strains which were at times more dangerous than those they now experience. That happened when the British Government hesitated to undertake — and later wished to abandon — the Saloniki expedition, which enabled us in 1918 to open the first breach in our enemy's defense. It also occurred when England, France, and Russia, early in 1915, tried to reconcile the conflicting claims of the Italians and the Slavs in the Adriatic; and again when the Entente tried to agree upon a common plan of action in Greece, Roumania, and Asia Minor. In addition, there were so many other diplomatic, military, economic, and financial complications, that it seemed at last as though the alliance had become a natural condition bound to continue by its own motion regardless of the temporary friction and discord of the governments which composed it. I recall the apt remark of one of our premiers: 'Since this war I have lost much of my admiration for Napoleon. He was fighting a coalition and now I know what an ineffective thing a coalition is.' Shall we ever forget those hours of torture and agony when in the very midst of decisive battles national self-interest awoke among the Allied Nations and brutally opposed measures for their common interest. One of Clemenceau's titles to the imperishable gratitude of France is that from the end of 1917 up to the armistice, he not only reinspired our country, cast down by the spectre of defeat and weakened by treason at home, but guarded with the most jealous solicitude the integrity of our alliances.

This latter care remained his chief preoccupation throughout the negotiations for peace. The vivid sketch that Mr. Keynes has drawn of these proceedings, in one of the most striking chapters of his famous book, seems to me unjust in some respects to our great Premier. It is not true that M. Clemenceau displayed no interest in matters that did not directly concern ourselves. I have seen personally, a hundred times, his constant vigilance for the common fortunes of the Entente.

I can understand very well that in the presence of the infinitely complex problems presented by the peace, the chiefs of the negotiating nations were tempted to try short cuts for the purpose of simplifying and accelerating their labors. But without taking the time to inquire just now whether they may not have gone astray in these attempts, I merely venture to suggest that it may be well again to verify our bearings. Are we to expect the Supreme Council, which will hold its sessions in England, to furnish a sure and certain support for the Entente? Every day some new incident warns us of the falsity of that assumption. Whether they meet at London or Paris our premiers at their hasty ses-

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sions make equally hasty decisions; they settle offhand upon courses which deeper consideration and study might have prevented their subsequently regretting. Only the other day, the Supreme Council, very properly disquieted by the reports it received from Asia Minor, decided to propose that the League of Nations accept the mandate to restore order in Armenia, without taking the pains of ascertaining the frontiers of that country. It forgot, doubtless, that in spite of the efforts of France, the League of Nations was endowed with no executive authority and with no independent military forces. Even more recently, the Supreme Council received from its economic section, and made public prior to obtaining the endorsement of M. Millerand, a memorandum which, had it not been promptly modified by the French Government, would have encouraged Germany's campaign in favor of revising the treaty.

The controlling idea which had slipped into a part of this memorandum was essentially the same as that which Lord Robert Cecil recently delivered to the French people, with the candor and talent with which he is so remarkably gifted. 'All the governments of Europe form an economic unit. France is directly interested in Germany's economic recovery. Now, Germany can never recover so long as it is crushed by the harsh terms of the treaty. Consequently, we must revise the treaty to lighten the load which threatens to crush Germany.' M. André Tardieu has shown in a luminous article that this specious syllogism is no novelty. It was debated over and over again at the Peace Conference, and the insistent and repeated arguments of the French delegates finally succeeded in refuting it. M. Tardieu also recalls to our attention that between May 7, 1919, when the treaty was delivered to Count Von Brockdorff, and the sixteenth of June, when the Allies replied to the German notes, twenty sessions of the Council of Four were held and one hundred and seventeen meetings of subordinate commissions took place; and that at these meetings and conferences the financial clauses were carefully reviewed from every standpoint. It was not until after this careful examination, that the letter of June 16, composed by a loyal friend of Lord Robert Cecil himself, Mr. Phillip Kerr, was dispatched. This letter contained the following sentences, the truth of which has never been successfully contested: 'Germany's responsibility is not limited to its having desired and begun the war; Germany is equally responsible for the savage and inhuman manner in which it was conducted. The Allied and Associated Powers wish to see Germany enjoy the prosperity experienced by other nations. But a considerable portion of the fruits of its industry must for a number of years be devoted to repairing the damages which Germany has caused.'

The government, therefore, must take good care that its interests are safeguarded at the International Financial Conference which the Supreme Council has directed the League of Nations to assemble next May, in order to prevent an indirect attack upon the integrity of the Peace of Versailles. When Great Britain, which was for a time hostile to such a conference, saw the pound sterling losing its value abroad, it began to listen favorably to the insistent appeals of private interests. That country knew indeed that in spite of the decline of its exchange its public finances were on the way toward recovery, but it desired in the interest of its foreign trade some guaranty against further disorder in

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Europe. So it acceded to the demands of international finance and suggested that the Supreme Council ask the League of Nations to call such a conference.

I recognize that if the League had refused this request, interested parties would have been able to prevail upon Spain, for example, or Holland, to take the initiative. Then it would have been very difficult for Italy and even France to withhold their concurrence. But we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that at this Brussels meeting, where we shall have not only the representatives of governments, but a multitude of men speaking in behalf of banks and other financial institutions, if we do not have a clearly defined programme and a debate limited to a definite field, we are likely to wake up some fair morning to find that our peace edifice has crumbled to dust.

Spain, the Netherlands, Sweden, and Norway are all Germany's creditors for very important sums and they naturally want to collect what is due them on the best terms possible. They are equally anxious to reëstablish the commercial relations which they had with Central Europe prior to the war, and their manufacturers and financiers are inclined to think that Germany has the magic wand which will reëstablish the equilibrium of exchange. A similar feeling prevails in the international financial circles of London and New York. It is, therefore, greatly to be feared that the Brussels Conference, summoned as the result of a memorandum among whose most eminent signers is Lord Robert Cecil, may conclude by endorsing that gentleman's syllogism at the expense of France.

It goes without saying that our country is deeply interested in escaping from its financial isolation and in making an active asset of the claims which the Peace Treaty gives it upon Germany. But if the neutral nations, who are also Germany's creditors, and who are anxious to protect their own interests, succeed in convincing the Brussels Conference that our indemnity is what threatens to perpetuate the German crisis, if they ally themselves with the representatives of German interests, if they attempt to reduce our claims and to force a premature appraisal of Germany's ability to pay, I have faith that our delegates will be supported by the remainder of our allies in resisting these pretensions.

If, under the pretext of realizing more promptly this credit, we permit an over-hasty appraisal of its value without taking time for a more careful investigation, we are practically certain to sacrifice a large part of the sum due us. Is not the reconstruction of France as necessary for Europe and for the world as the reconstruction of Germany? We do not address ourselves to our allies and to neutral nations as people heavily in debt who are trying to evade their obligations. We do not present ourselves as a nation which has suffered wrong and seeks the reparation to which it is entitled. We are not reduced to timid entreaties and humble supplications. We are not asking charity of anyone. We merely want what is due us. But at the same time, we have the right to tell the world that the common interest of civilization demands our rapid and complete relief. Is it not generally known that the ravage wrought by Germany in Northern and Eastern France is one of the principal causes of the present disorganization of the business world? Is it to be assumed that this economic community of interest of which there is so much talk leaves our country out of the European system? If, for example, our devas-

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tated departments no longer produce the twenty million hundredweight of wheat they formerly yielded, are we not forced to compete with other countries in other markets for this grain and for the tonnage to transport it to our shores? If the mines of Northern France had not been systematically flooded at the instruction of the German Steel Trust and Coal Barons, would we be forced to-day to call upon Germany for the coal which it prefers to use in its own factories or to export to neighboring countries?

Let us hope that even America, in spite of the vote of the Senate and the uncertainty which continues to prevail regarding the treaty, will realize the strength of the economic ties which join it with France, and which are quite as strong as the moral and political bonds between the two countries. We await with confidence the day when the United States, freed from its internal conflicts, will resume the high position to which it is entitled in the alliance of nations which have fought shoulder to shoulder with liberty. Until that time we should permit nothing to create misunderstanding among our Allies in Europe. We must not tolerate that in a few months the rivalries of governments shall destroy our work even before it is completed.

[*The Statist* (Economic Weekly), *March 27*]

THE CRISIS IN EUROPEAN FINANCE

In pre-war days we used to sell one hundred and eighty million pounds' worth of goods to Europe, and to-day we are threatened with the diminution, if not the total extinction, of this colossal trade owing to the breakdown of the internal finances and the foreign exchanges of many of the purchasing countries. It needs little consideration to show that the ensuing reaction on British trade will be widespread and attended with very serious results unless immediate steps are taken to remedy a situation which has assumed a menacing aspect. Special measures must be concerted to cope with unusual difficulties, and it is essential that the desire of seeing the British pound at a premium in European countries should not, as in the case of the United States and the dollar exchange, make us unwilling to remove what really constitutes a handicap to our export business. The low value of the French, Belgian, and Italian currencies in terms of sterling not only hampers our trade but it depreciates our stock markets by causing a realization of foreign-owned securities in London.

Enormous orders have been coming to British manufacturers from all over Europe, but a want of confidence and a feeling that payment cannot be relied on have negatived all chance of large-scale business. The position has not been improved by recent events in Germany, and it seems useless under present conditions that the Reparations Commission, with its President, M. Poincaré, who embodies in its most extreme form the spirit of French Nationalism, should continue its frequent sessions in Paris while the world is crumbling about its ears, and the hope of indemnities is growing more

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remote. Economic pressure, aided by unemployment, has had an evil effect in forcing the German proletariat into extreme courses, and it would be well to profit in time by the lesson of recent events.

The Treaty of Peace provides that the payment of indemnities shall be a prior charge on former enemy countries. These indemnities, though vast in extent, are still not defined with exactitude, but together with subsequent impositions they have prior claims on all realizable enemy state assets. Accordingly, it is impossible to expect any outside group of international financiers, even if well-disposed toward Germany or Austria — and the reasons for such benevolence are small — to come to their assistance by the provision of credits, as the chance of interest payments being met is small, and that of capital repayment is smaller. The necessity for these credits has never been so great, as the machinery of exchange has hopelessly broken down, and the demand for all classes of raw material and manufacturered goods is unprecedently high. Our allies and our enemies on the Continent find themselves in the same plight, the difference between them being one of degree, not of kind.

In the case of Germany, for example, the refusal of credits is tantamount to a refusal of raw materials, since the mark is at too ludicrously low a figure to allow of any big import business being transacted. No raw material means no production, and no production means no indemnities. Hence the last position of France and ourselves, if we refuse to give help where help is needed, will be no better than our first, though we may have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the political and economic fabric of a once arrogant and powerful enemy sinking to its final dissolution.

From the storm centre of Russia it is noticeable that within recent months the spirit of Bolshevism, or at least of some revolutionary scheme of reform, has been creeping eastward as well as westward. On the east it has reached Vladivostok on the further confines of Siberia, and leaping over the intermediate stretch of sea has touched Japan. Japanese regiments tainted with the Bolshevist virus have been recalled from the Siberian front, but they preach the newly-found gospel to their fellow workers at home with all the fervor of evangelists.

The Japanese Diet, powerless in the hands of the Emperor and his ministers, and itself chosen by a propertied electorate on a franchise more limited than that of any progressive country in the world, may make substantial concessions in the way of voting and electoral reform which will save the state and at the same time pave the way for a programme of sane and practical social reform. Such a scheme should rally to the government's support all the best elements of the country. In Europe the problem is not so easy, owing to the ravages of war and the desperate condition of the masses. In Germany the danger cannot readily be averted, as the forces of disorder dispose of great military strength, and their action, though intermittent, is on that account the more volcanic, and destroys all the good that has been done in the intervals of quiet.

Food has been acclaimed as an antidote to Bolshevism, and where applied it has proved effective. Raw materials and manufactured goods are needed to complete the cure, and these can only be provided if some system of international credits following on lines approved by the Supreme Economic Council is devised. Even for countries such as France, which are in a sound condition compared with their

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neighbors, the need of coördinated international action is apparent. The recent marked fall in the franc may to some extent be due to market manipulation, but it has been aggravated by the purchase of foodstuffs and of coal from England, and by the desire of English bankers to call in foreign deposits owing to the great demand for capital at home.

The response in new money to the French loan is said not to have been so great as was anticipated in view of the thrifty character of the race, and the total of the foreign subscriptions is alleged to be rather small. In these circumstances it will be difficult for the French Government to reduce the enormous paper circulation. Further, events in Germany have had an unfavorable repercussion, as the stabilization of French credit depends to a large extent on Germany's ability to pay the French bill for damages. The necessary intimacy between French and German interests is here seen at its clearest, and if Germany fails to meet its obligations France will look to us to sell as cheaply and to buy as extensively as we can from her. To supply coal and other materials at a low figure, a low rate of exchange is necessary.

One method of arresting the depreciation of the franc is to pay cash for what we buy and give credit for what we sell. This helpful change need not apply to all commodities, but only to such as are adjudged to be necessary for restoring the devastated areas and winning back the old powers of production.

In a different category from the problem of the French, Belgian, and Italian currencies is the problem of exchanges with the new states of Eastern Europe, and here from the trading point of view the Export Credits Department of the Board of Trade has, considering the resources at its disposal, done much to facilitate trade. The general object is to guarantee British exporters against risks of total or partial loss. A bill of exchange is drawn in the ordinary way by the British seller on the foreign buyer, and the latter, in addition to accepting the bill, is also required as a guaranty of *bona fides* to deposit with some accredited and responsible bank in his own country a sum in foreign currency determined by the Exports Department. This is the simplest method, but many variations are possible. Thus a guaranty in the form of goods or the endorsement of another foreign bank may be given, but in every case it is necessary, owing to the rapid fluctuations in the price of goods and the value of securities, to obtain as ample a margin of safety as is possible. In general the amount of the credit given by the Board of Trade does not exceed eighty per cent of the value of the goods, including freight and insurance, and provision is made for the formation out of commissions of a reserve fund to meet possible losses. Arranged credits bear interest at one per cent above the Bank of England rate, with a minimum of six per cent per annum. A danger in schemes of this kind is that repeated requests may be made for the renewal of bills, but such renewals ought to be discouraged, otherwise funds may be locked up for years in long commercial credits. In the event of failure to meet a bill the goods or the money deposited in guaranty should be sequestrated, or compensation sought from the endorsers and acceptor of the bill. Selected items of merchandise which are vitally necessary should alone come under the operation of a scheme of this kind, and all transactions bearing on the international exchanges of goods under the scheme should pass through

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banks of approved standing. Only thus can the risk of undue loss or undue profits be avoided, and the successful working of a scheme on these lines would prove, if not a panacea for European ills, certainly a material alleviation of present conditions.

[*La Tribuna* (Liberal Daily), *March 16*]

WILSON'S DEFEAT

BY RASTIGNAC

THE great struggle between Wilson and the American Senate, which began with the former's Boston speech, has ended with the complete defeat of the President. The White House hermit may still delude himself with the fancy that his thunderbolts can shatter distant Italy, but he can no longer imagine that they intimidate his own countrymen. What Senator Sherman called the Asiatic demagoguery of Wilson has proved a melancholy failure. In spite of his threatening letters to Hitchcock and his vain appeals for the loyalty of a party which followed him with obedience and devotion in two presidential elections, the American spirit, we now see, will not tolerate an Asiatic type of government.

All Europe knows how and why the struggle started, and the steps by which it has become more bitter and relentless since the Senate first threw down the gage to a President who seemed to have risen within two short years to practical omnipotence — to be the arbiter of the fate of two hemispheres.

Infatuated with this omnipotence, Wilson ventured to violate American traditions and the very obligations of his office, by leaving the White House to tour the capitals of Europe, to receive the homage of mankind as the redeemer of humanity, and to impose his will upon the Paris Conference. On his first arrival, Europe clasped him in its toils as a python does its victim, and though it left him physically intact, it devoured his soul. He left the White House with a programme — a programme endorsed by all parties in the United States — for reducing the naval and imperial power of England by the most important and far-reaching of the Fourteen Points — the one to enforce the freedom of the seas.

But scarcely had he received the embraces of Lloyd George before that point disappeared from the tables of the laws. What had happened? A mere trifle. Lloyd George had offered him, in exchange for the freedom of the seas, his personal support of the League of Nations. So the President readily made a deal by which he played false to the real purpose of his country in intervening in the European war, and sacrificed the peculiarly American contention in his programme as negotiator, because he was eager to secure support for a universal statute which would consecrate and sanctify his own name and personal renown in the annals of mankind. And the first stages of the conference of Paris passed — under the ironic smiles of Lloyd George and Clemenceau and to the stupefaction of American statesmen and of men of sense from every part of the world — with wordy, unctuous, laborious, academic discussions of the statutes of the covenant of the League of Nations. As soon as this was approved, the President hastened his return to America to receive homage for his triumph and to confound his adversaries in the Senate. But he neither was met with laurels nor confounded his opponents. Soon afterwards he returned to Paris to prolong the tortures of a world thirsting for immediate peace, and to disseminate

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misery and discord among the nations which had suffered most from the war, and which deserved the most respect and consideration in view of the blood they had shed and the sacrifices they had made to insure victory.

This second phase of the Paris Conference was a phase truly disastrous for the future peace of Europe. It was an era of confusion and brutal tyranny. Behind this confusion and brutality was fought an underhand and obscure battle by the rival representatives of the powers, to secure the protection of Wilson and to buy his good will in the final dispensation of favors. These underhand intrigues became the scandal of a conference which was bound by the most solemn command of duty to distribute rewards and punishments after the war on a basis of strict justice, and in proportion to the sacrifices of each belligerent nation. Instead of that, its masters made the conference an ignoble market, a cheating stock exchange, more despicable than any that has disgraced the darkest chapters of previous history. Yes, it was an ignoble market, in which men became forgetful of mutual loyalty, of duty, of every trace of that chivalry and comradeship which ought to come from sharing together the perils and the hardships of the battlefield. Italy, abandoned by its colleagues and thrown back upon the support of its own sons alone, was the greatest sufferer of all. It was despoiled not only of one treaty but of two.

Wilson's mental confusion and lack of resolution were doubtless the principal cause of the blunders and the injustice of the Peace Conference.

When Wilson made his first trip to America he failed to carry with him the principal one of his Fourteen Points — the freedom of the seas. When he returned across the Atlantic he had lost other points from his platform, and in particular the one asserting the equality of the races, which the western representatives in Congress refused to accept without qualification on account of their hatred of Japan. At Paris after that not a single point remained intact. In the midst of contradictory interpretations and of the intrigues and trickery practised by interested parties, self-determination, the rights of minority nationalities, and the new theories of colonial administration were jettisoned in quick succession. In the end, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, Germany's representative, was able triumphantly to convince the conference that the applications of the fifth point — relating to colonies — which it proposed, contradicted the principles of the fourth point. Later, any idea of applying either point in practice was quite forgotten. Finally, in the wreckage of these ideals and morals, all that remained standing of the Fourteen Points were two things: Wilson's wishes — *pro ratione voluntas* — and the advice of his bankers.

Surely, this League of Nations is a magnificent temple, but it would have been much fairer if its imposing front did not conceal in its interior a sacristy of private business interests, the sanctuary of the 'Association for a League of Free Nations,' organized and controlled by bankers and stock brokers of Hamburg, Frankfurt, and New York — Jacob Schiff, Blumenthal, Cohen, Shapiro, and Sunkovich. These bankers and brokers, according to Maurras, one of the most responsible and best informed political writers of France, were able to defeat the just claims of France, Italy, and Poland, in connection with the Saar, Upper Silesia, Danzig, and Fiume. Certainly, when I recall that an Agram newspaper, owned by the priest, Biankini, brother of the principal Jugo-Slav propagan-

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dist in the United States, published prior to President Wilson's departure for the Peace Conference the statement that, Jugo-Slavia was guaranteed the war vessels which were allotted to Croatia by the Austrian Minister of the Navy just as the old monarchy was breaking up, and that these would be placed under the protection of the American flag until the Peace Treaty was signed, I think we are justified in asking if Wilson then spoke in the name of the League of Nations yet to be created, or in the name of the 'Association for a League of Free Nations' already organized and functioning under the auspices of Schiff and his associates.

By its recent vote the Senate has reduced to nullity the League of Nations as conceived by Wilson and incorporated in the Versailles Treaty. History has avenged itself. Coming to Europe resolved to enforce his own policies, and the policies of interested parties who had erected a throne and an altar to his ideals, and contemptuously disregarding the historical rights and aspirations for which the European nations had fought their war, he now finds the Senate resolutely defending and enforcing the historical rights and aspirations of his own country, pronouncing, in the name of Monroe, a stern veto against his League of Nations, and without further ado giving that project a return ticket to the Paris Conference. But the latter has already closed its doors, and will not again receive it.

When President Deschanel said in his reply to the address of welcome of the Chamber of Deputies that, 'The first condition, the very foundation of the new world organization, will be a France securely guaranteed against assault and aggression,' Wilson replied that, 'Whenever France, or any other free country, is threatened, the entire civilized world will spring to its defense.' But he plays fast and loose with this principle in the Adriatic question, when Italy tries to vindicate its historical rights, and to insure its naval safety and national security.

By vote of the American Senate the world is divided into two halves. And he would be bold indeed who ventured the statement that there are two governments or two peoples in our half of the world who after the Conference of Paris would be willing to call themselves brother or sister nations.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Liberal Republican Daily), *March 30*]

HOW SCHLESWIG VOTED: A VISITOR'S IMPRESSIONS

THE railway station at Hamburg was thronged with men wearing little flags with the black, white, and red colors of Schleswig. Students were distributing picture post-cards, and every passenger received a special edition of *Woche*. The throng was composed mainly of Schleswig citizens who were coming from Germany to cast their votes in the second zone. Every compartment was packed. When the train moved out of the station a military band played farewell music. Those who remained behind waved parting greetings. It was early in the morning. A golden mist over the Alster and the Mourning Meadows forced us to go slowly at first. Out in the suburbs the pale sky became visible. People were standing at all the windows, waving to us — pretty girls in the factories, and children and older men and women in the poorer houses.

Whenever the train stopped a military band played '*Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen.*' Everyone bought the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, and we learned that the reactionaries had presented their demand to the Berlin

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cabinet. Eight thousand troops marching on Berlin! Triumphant smiles played over the features of the gentlemen talking near me. One said, 'It is too soon yet, but we must have faith that it will be repeated.' This speaker was the principal of a school in one of the Ruhr towns. The gentlemen with whom he was conversing were not the only ones who felt as he did. We saw many a black, white, and red flag with the old Imperial eagle.

A gentleman started conversation with me. He asked the quotation of the mark. It had again fallen slightly. 'No wonder,' he said, 'now just when the workingmen have at last learned sense, the others have gone crazy. That incident in the Hotel Adlon was a disgrace.' He had not yet heard the latest news.

Even the morning edition of the conservative *Hamburger Nachrichten* told us nothing. It spoke scornfully of the 'Government's fear of a revolution.' So this was obviously no politicians' enterprise, but a military conspiracy, inspired by the Fatherland party of unhappy memory. Dr. Kapp was one of its founders.

At Elmshorn the school children were out to receive us with cheers — surrounding the train with a flutter of black, white, and red flags and singing '*Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen.*' Their parting cheers accompanied us as we drew out of the station. The sun was now shining brightly over the plain, broken by farm houses with high-pitched roofs. Many beehives were to be seen, and distant windmills thrust their arms toward heaven.

At Nortorf the school children again greeted us with '*Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen,*' and '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles.*' At Rendsburg a band composed of formal looking gentlemen in silk hats welcomed us with military music. The crowd thrust pine boughs into the train and sang. At Schleswig, newspapers and calendars were distributed. Everywhere tremendous enthusiasm prevailed.

We began to catch glimpses of silvery white clouds draped lightly over the low wooded heights of the gently rolling country to the north.

At Yubek our German passports were examined, speeches were made, three cheers were given for Germany, and all joined in the national song, standing with uncovered heads.

It was a great day for old and young alike. Their emotions were contagious. Tremendous enthusiasm inspired the young folks. The school teacher, who, though he had not served in the war, had evidently been its conscientious supporter, allowed no opportunity to pass without sowing the seeds of future hatred in the hearts of the school children. He once shouted, 'We 'll get that first zone back again.' A boy shouted in reply, 'We 'll get it,' adding, expressively, 'by force.' So it was proposed to get the second zone by law and the first zone by violence! It looked as if the whole Pan-German party was on the road to Schleswig.

I arrived at Flensburg on the afternoon of March 13, the day before the vote was taken. It must be admitted that the Germans had a free hand in the campaign. All day long the streets were crowded with singing men, and about three o'clock a great political procession was formed which was hours passing a given point. At six o'clock an immense throng assembled in front of the railway station to welcome new arrivals. It stretched away back to Rathausstrasse, where the people were packed in front of the railway hotel, which belonged to a Dane and was filled with his fellow countrymen. There was a constant succession of '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,*' '*Schleswig-Holstein, meerum-*

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schlungen,' '*Die Wacht am Rhein,*' and — most favored song of all —

> Wir wollen keine Danen sein,
> Wir wollen Deutsche bleiben,

(We want to stay Germans and not become Danes.) Feeling ran very high, and I recalled the comment of a gentleman on the train, 'Just like 1914.'

The hotels were packed to the roofs. At the one where I stopped I was offered a room to be shared with a person unknown to me, who, as soon as we were introduced and I mentioned the revolt at Berlin, said he was a partisan, not of immediate monarchy but of a military dictatorship. Happily I eventually secured a room alone.

That evening I read the account of the flight of the Bauer Government. I was told by the Germans that this would hurt their side in the election. They were doing much hurrahing on the streets, but the Danes were congratulating themselves in secret. The newspaper men at the Press Club and the Alt-Flensburg Hotel kept in constant telephone communication with Berlin. No one believed that the Kapp Government would succeed.

As I made my way back to my hotel late that evening everything was quiet. The streets were as empty as after confirmation, but were thickly strewn with handbills. Sunday morning, however, the city looked as though an army review were being held. Flags were flying in every direction, while the citizens marched to the ballot boxes. Many buildings, which had been purchased by Danes who had taken advantage of the declining value of the mark, displayed the banner of Denmark from their gables. The Danish and German colors competed along the principal avenues, and the white cross on the red field fluttered hopefully in the breeze.

The sky was overcast, and in the afternoon a biting wind drove in from the Flensburg Fiord. Every vessel was crowded, mostly with voters. As usually happens on such occasions, the quiet majority kept in the background while a few noisy rowdies made themselves prominent. A German Schleswiger abused the 'Jew Government' and said the Jews were running Denmark also. A Dane who overheard him contradicted this. The first speaker reiterated angrily, 'Is n't your Prime Minister Zahle a Jew, eh? You know it.' The gray old Dane, handicapped by his bad German, simply called the other man 'a young fool.' The latter wanted to have him arrested on the spot. He had traveled in America, China, and Japan. Was he going to stand such insults from a fellow who had never been off the farm before? The Dane replied, 'So much the worse, if you have traveled so far and stayed so stupid.' Both men grew angrier and angrier until the Dane closed the episode by shouting, 'You might as well sing, "Oh, du lieber Augustin, alles ist weg!"' The first man's German comrades tried to calm him, saying: 'It'll turn out just the other way, and then we'll drive these Danes out of the country and take back what they 've just got from us.'

I escaped from these wranglers and betook myself to the beech forests at a little bathing place upon the Fiord, returning late that night to the Alt-Flensburg Hotel. We were now getting telephone returns as to the results of the vote, and the German correspondents were as happy as children over their victory. Dr. Köster, the government commissioner, shared in their happiness, sitting in their midst smoking a long pipe, his round cheeks glowing and his eyes sparkling with pleasure behind immense spectacles. The streets were thronged with rejoicing

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people. The crowd was thickest in front of the Press Club, where the results of the voting were being announced to the public. Suddenly, overzealous mounted policemen scattered the people with whips. Two columns of singing men met on the principal avenue. Hatred and bitterness were no longer to be detected in their voices. Their national exasperation was toned down to good-humored patriotism. This was a happy result indeed, or else unpleasant incidents might have occurred; for down the street, directly between the two columns, came a French officer, a Danish journalist, and an English officer. The Englishman's bearing was amiable and informal, but the Frenchman was stiff and erect, and provocatively challenging. However, the rejoicing crowd appeared scarcely to notice them. A Flensburg citizen told me that every time he passed a Frenchman he sang '*Die Wacht am Rhein*.' It is rather remarkable that something more serious did not happen, for the French made themselves very unpopular with the citizens. The English, however, were greatly liked, and understood perfectly the art of ingratiating themselves with the people with whom they had to deal. Crowds kept marching through the streets until two o'clock in the morning. The next day most of the Danish flags had vanished. On the principal avenue but one remained. The black, white, and red flag had triumphed.

[*The Times* (Northcliffe Press), *March 29*]

IN INDUSTRIAL BRAZIL

BETWEEN the cities of Rio and São Paulo stretch some 350 miles of green and hilly country: there is no town of importance, but in scores of little valleys there are fruit farms displaying the dark and glossy leaves of oranges or the pale green leaves of bananas.

The traveler may reach the 'Leader' state from Rio either by sea or rail, but after the night's water trip to Santos, São Paulo's port, the coastal flats and abrupt mountain ascent must be traversed by train (the British coffee-carrying line), while the all-rail route occupies one night or day. This direct line is part of the Federal Government's system, the Central; the rolling stock is partly French-made and partly Brazilian-made, many of the recently acquired locomotives coming from North America.

As the train works its way from Rio, it threads the *serras* where the highest peak in Brazil, Itatiaya, stands 10,000 feet above sea level, crosses river beds and ascends to long plains sloping to the wind-swept plateau where upon a group of hills and hog backs is set the leading industrial city of South America. Traveling by the *luxo* night train, the four o'clock dawn reveals tender bright green dales, tiny streams sparkling from a mist of flowering grasses and bulrushes; and meadows full of a brilliant purple blossom. Lines of dwarf bananas, hedges of cactus, thickets of bamboo, cottages of mud and thatch with gardens full of beans and squash; then, at nine o'clock, the train runs into Braz station on the outskirts of São Paulo, with the long brick walls of factories, endless rows of workmen's dwellings, tramways — all the equipment of a highly organized modern industrial city.

From the Braz the train moves into São Paulo proper, stony, flooded with bright sunshine, its old narrow streets in the famous Triangulo neighborhood congested with hurrying crowds, tramcars, motor cars, and mule-drawn carts. From the Triangulo formed by the Rua Direito, São Bento, and 15 de Novembro, the streets tip up and

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down, climbing from one hill to another, or spanning the viaducts built to connect one ridge with another.

The Avenida Paulista, the pride of Sao Paulo, is laid w th asphalt, bordered on either side by the gardens and magnificent houses of the newly rich, marble palaces, representing great fortunes made out of coffee, and, latterly, out of the multiplying factories of Sao Paulo. There are many Brazilian or Portuguese names, but the largest fortunes are those of the Italians.

Looking down upon São Paulo City from one of the outlying ridges one sees long stretches of pink and white buildings, closely massed, with numbers of factory chimneys rising into the bright, transparent air. São Paulo, 2000 feet above sea level, is fortunate in possessing a healthy climate where white families thrive, and always gives the impression of having more air and light than most other regions.

It is said to have a good climate but bad weather; the sun is extremely hot, especially in January and February, violent rains are common, and the cold winds in winter are bitter. But the nights are always cool, sweet, and invigorating, and it is because the hardy European thrives here that São Paulo reckons its population at 600,000 and bristles with chimneys, that networks of railway lines reach out into the fertile agricultural belts, and that Santos counts 35 per cent of the total exports of Brazil. It was from São Paulo that the *bandeirantes*, half Portuguese, half Indian, set out on a series of extraordinary raids that ended in the conquest of the heart of South America; here that the old castaway Ramalho took his Indian wife and bred the first of the great mameluke race that feared neither God nor the wild *sertao*. Families of the ancient *bandeirante* blood still survive in São Paulo, enterprising and active folk today turning their energy to politics and industry.

But, hardy as the native Paulista are, they could not alone have developed the country; in common with all South America, South Brazil lacked workers 50 years ago. The state developed a policy of encouraging immigration, establishing a careful system, scrupulously carried out, of colonization. Experiments proved that the North Italian was the most satisfactory worker. One hears this on every hand, from government officials and factory owners and planters of coffee, cotton, and sugar. To-day, out of a population of 3,000,000, the state reckons 1,000,000 as Italians.

There are few poor to be seen in São Paulo. There is work for everyone, and the general feeling, almost visible, of ambition and activity, tends not only toward hard work, but business enterprise. The road laborer, working seven days in the week, presently starts a little shop or a tiny industry that becomes a big one; the air is full of stories of success and money-making, and, as a tangible proof, here are the new streets of the suburbs, marked out in the red soil, with little plastered and gayly-painted villas rising from the *matto*.

The number of factories in São Paulo to-day totals about 5000, but of these only 368 employ more than 12 workmen; the great *fabricas*, however, such as the shoe and cotton factories, each employ several thousand hands. The articles manufactured include textiles (of cotton, wool, and other fibres), paper, hats, matches, mineral waters, beer, candles and soap, earthenware, glass, perfumery, prepared chemicals and drugs, tobacco, enameled hardware, dairy products, and coffee. The 52 cotton mills produce 200,000,000 metres of cloth, worth nearly $40,000,000 and employ 25,000 people.

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Of total production, the state consumes the greater part, shipping about $25,000,000 worth to other states of the Brazilian Union.

Since the strikes of last spring, the eight-hour day is tacitly accepted, many mills beginning work at seven and closing at four, with an hour's break; others work two shifts per day. A few small *fabricas* burn wood, and a small quantity of coal is imported, but the prohibitive price of this imported fuel and the cheapness of local hydro-electric supplies reduce its use to a minimum. Electric power, amounting to about 25,000 horse power, is supplied for industrial uses by the Light and Power Company, which utilizes falls within the state, and the company's installations are said to be sufficient to supply all new demands which are likely to arise during the next 20 or 30 years. The company is registered in Canada, the capital being chiefly British.

A survey of this busy, ambitious, thriving industrial city, producing today almost everything used in domestic and business life, with the exception of iron, steel, and copper products, suggests the question, How much longer will the great manufacturing countries of the outside world be able to sell anything to São Paulo? But the answer need not, I think, trouble either our manufacturers or their grandchildren while the quality upon which British repute has been built up is retained. So far Brazilian-made goods chiefly replace not British products, but the cheaper German manufactures, with the Japanese as competitors; the highly standardized North American product is not cheap, and does not, as a rule, offer the fine quality of the British. British factories in the new industrial regions of the sub-continent—branches of old firms with technique and capital to spare—are other means of meeting modern conditions, satisfactory both to South America and ourselves. In this regard the British make a fair showing, with 10 or 12 sound enterprises operating here, including engineering works, cotton mills, and shoe factories.

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[*The New Statesman*]

THE SORROWS OF FREE LOVE

JEZEBEL has never been a popular character. Not even that last great scene when she knows that Jehu is coming to kill her, 'and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out of the window,' has won the affections of anybody outside decadent circles, which rejoice in any kind of sinner from Absalom to the foolish virgins. It is true, as the *Encylopædia* reminds us, that 'what is told of her comes from sources under the influence of a strong religious bias.' Even so it is told so well that she remains immortally for us the incarnation of wickedness.

Churchgoers for centuries have listened to the story of her murder with as little compunction as if they were Coalitionist M.P.'s hearing that a woman had been shot by the military in the streets of Dublin. Jehu, they have little doubt, did well. 'And he lifted up his face to the window, and said, "Who is on my side? Who?" And there looked out to him two or three eunuchs. And he said, "Throw her down." So they threw her down; and some of her blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses; and he trod her under foot.' And no clergyman said a word. To the ultra-Protestant mob she was for generations a prophetic figure of the Catholicism they hated. They saw in Mary Queen of Scots simply the repetition of her infamy, and in *Esmond* it was 'Jezebel' that the crowd shouted at the painted old Catholic lady. We may one of these days have a book written to prove that Jezebel was as respectable as Queen Anne, but we shall no more believe in a whitewashed Jezebel than in a whitewashed Richard III. The condition of the world can be explained only on the assumption that a great many devils have lived in it. He-devils and she-devils—people even worse than ourselves.

An odd thing about Jezebel is that, though her main wickedness was not at all of sex, she holds her place in the Puritan imagination as the most scarlet of scarlet women. It is an interesting example of the Puritan habit of reducing all sins to terms of the flesh. Jezebel's chief sin, like that of Catherine the Great, was a little bit of ruthless Imperialism. As a character in the popular imagination, however, she is first and foremost a painted lady. Faustina is another lady who has come down to us with an inexplicably bad reputation. Scholars in vain protest that she bore Marcus Aurelius eleven children, that he mourned and honored her after her death, that schools for orphan girls were piously founded in her memory, and that there is no evidence against her but gossip.

The world will not lightly give up its painted ladies. Is it not the painted ladies who have brought about half the tragedies of history? And the poets are as determined as the public in this matter. In vain will scholars protest that the Trojan War was fought for economic reasons. To the common man it will always be a war about Helen. Helen, however, has been fortunate beyond most of the women of the past with a past. She was sufficiently wise to repent. As she calls herself a 'dog' and heaps reproaches on herself, she disarms the criticism of the moralists as she did that of the Trojans. Nothing could be more magnificent than the charity of the Trojan old men when, seeing her beauty as she came to them on the tower, they declared that it was small blame that the Trojans and the Greeks should make war for a woman of so marvelous a beauty. And even

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Priam said to her in noble gentleness: 'I hold thee not to blame.'

In the stories of Helen, Cleopatra, Iseult, and Francesca, it is as though all censure were burned up in the fires of tragedy. Apart from this, none of these women, except Cleopatra, could by any stretch of the imagination be described as a painted lady. The other three might be described as monogamists at heart, who happened to be married to the wrong men. They were fastidious, not promiscuous in their passion. They were faithful in their infidelity. At present, as anyone who reads the papers can see, the world is enjoying a surfeit of painted ladies. In the Divorce Court there have been a number of sensational cases in which the chief actors seem to have no distinguishing characteristic beyond a general infidelity. One comes away with the impression of a riot of sex, a drunken orgy. There is no fastidiousness, no choice, no continuity. There is nothing but greed and confusion. Even Jezebel had a purpose in life, but some of these lovers have no purpose. Their very love is the result, not of the urgency of a great passion, but of drifting. They lust without imagination, without taste.

Many defenses have been written of Don Juan, but they have all been based on the fact that he had imagination. Don Juan, we are told, is the lover seeking the perfect woman. He passes from one imperfect woman to another in quest of his ideal. There is a sort of noble fidelity in his pursuit, as in that of a theologian who passes from creed to creed in pursuit of the truth. Even if we accept the romantic interpretation of Don Juan, however, — and we must be exceedingly harmless mystics if we can do so,— it does not constitute a defense, but an indictment. There is no more foolish heresy than the chase after perfection among human beings. Belief in the perfectibility of man or the perfection of woman is, for all practical purposes, as wild an illusion as that of the man who climbed an apple tree in order to lay hands on the moon. Men can live sanely only on the understanding that they cannot pluck the moon like an apple. They have to come to terms with their limitations and imperfections. The quest of the moon has to be condemned because it is unworkable.

Most of the advocates of free love have been hunters of the moon. They have been youths, Rousseauists, and Utopians. There is a period of youth in which the marriage tie seems an offense. The picture it conjures up of human beings tied to each other against their will, the idealistic boy regards as a parody of love. He holds — and in this he is reasonable enough — that it is the love and not the ceremony that is sacred. His chivalry is especially insistent that no woman should be bound for life to a man against her will. He dreams of perfect liberty for women. His theory of free love is at this time fairly unselfish. In his enthusiasm, he is inclined to see in every woman who leaves a husband for a lover a human being rightly struggling to be free. When the wife in the play defends herself with the sentence, 'All the purity that God has made cannot be bounded in a ring of gold,' he applauds with flushed cheeks. He is violently Shelleyan and anti-husband.

It is true that, on such occasions as he happens to be in love himself, he is entirely monogamous in his faith. He believes that he loves for eternity — that neither heaven nor hell could separate him from his love. He is a Bayard in his devotion, and lives in a state, not of theory, but of ecstasy. So soon as he ceases to be in love,

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however — and alas! there are three extinct volcanoes in every heart — he begins to theorize again. He becomes a philosopher in the intervals of love. He may be either a philosopher of enthusiasm or a philosopher of regret — possibly he may be both. If enthusiasm predominates, he will once more set to spinning Utopias in which men and women innocent as angels live in obedience to love. Having himself ceased to love, he realizes that love may pass. Hence his angels have liberty to leave one another when they will. He does not like to think of them as growing into elderly or commonplace householders, fat in the wrong places. He almost persuades himself that in an ideal world all life could be lived in the mood of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, save that, when love grows cold, another balcony must be found.

The philosopher of regret is more of a realist. He sentimentalizes over the brevity of beautiful things, and falls back sympathetically on Horace's *carpe diem*. He believes in taking what pleasures one can. He resigns himself to a life in which beauty is rare but prettinesses are abundant. He believes that a temporary refuge from dullness and drabness can be found in the garden of Epicurus. He sees the wise man more or less as a connoisseur of flowers.

Those who theorize about free love may be for the most part Utopians. Those who practise it are almost without exception Epicureans. There are a number of mystical free lovers who stand half-way between these positions, such as George Sand, of whom it has been said: 'In George Sand, when a woman wishes to change her lover, God is always there to facilitate the transfer.' Women are probably given to a greater extent than men to calling down a divine blessing on concupiscence. The majority of practising free lovers are less theoretical in their experiments. They are simply restless people seeking rest in change. They try to satisfy themselves with love without affection, with pleasure without fidelity. It is because affection and fidelity play so small a part in their lives that they are for the most part so unhappy.

One seldom reads the report of a case in the Divorce Court that suggests that any of the participants have ever enjoyed themselves. Love in them seems to be merely rather an expensive form of gloom. They are as unenviable as Madame Bovary. To compare them to the moth in the flame of the candle would be to flatter them. They have not even the instinct of ecstatic self-destruction. They live rather as the beetles on the floor. This is not, of course, true of all the men and women who go into the Divorce Court. In the Divorce Court are also to be found averagely good men and women and more than averagely good men and women. But there have been various cases in recent months in which the men and women seem to have tasted nothing of pleasure but the dregs and heel-taps. They apparently know as little of happiness as stray cats. They find love only in the refuse buckets.

Puritanism, no doubt, has its faults, but it at least gives love a home. It realizes that without continuity and fidelity there is neither depth nor dignity in love. We do not pretend that there have not been exceptions to this as to all other rules. But it is a remarkable fact that all the great stories of illicit love are stories dignified either by great suffering or by great fidelity. They are not stories of gloomy pleasure seeking, but of ruinous destiny. In all of them the lovers are bound by chains as inseparable as

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the chains of marriage. There is no love without chains. Free love is a contradiction in terms. If it is free, it is not love; if it is love, it is not free. It is one of the most miserable illusions of Tantalus. Marriage was instituted by the common sense of the human race in order to save men and women from the weight of such miseries.

[*Le Figaro*]

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE: A PARISIAN TALE

BY RENÉ LEHMANN

'Monsieur Julien Tavannes, the portrait painter?'

'Yes, Monsieur. To whom have I the honor of : . .'

'Did you not lose a pocketbook yesterday in this street?'

'Lose? You are joking, Monsieur. I was assaulted by an unknown who forced me at the pistol's point to hand over my purse.'

'Here is your purse, Monsieur.'

Julien Tavannes straightened up, darted at his interlocutor a keen and searching glance, and took the pocketbook. A sigh of relief escaped from his lips as he noted its contents. The notes which he had dreaded to lose were safe within.

'I thank you a thousand times, Monsieur,' he murmured cordially to the mature, robust, and well-dressed man, who was observing him with something of a mocking smile. 'You came upon this by chance?'

'No, Monsieur. It was I who robbed you of it.'

Tavannes walked backward to a table, and opening a drawer, took out a revolver. His visitor made a deprecatory gesture.

'Do not be alarmed, Monsieur, and please put the revolver aside. I have no wicked designs on you or your possessions. If I had, do you think I should have come here to give you back your purse?'

The man expressed himself in a cultured and modulated voice. His regular features, his alert and intelligent eyes suddenly seemed to Tavannes to be in some way quite familiar.

'Who are you, Monsieur?'

'Arnaud Pontblesmes.'

Pontblesmes, the celebrated novelist, whose novels of adventure held a whole world by their fertility of invention and fine craftsmanship, Arnaud Pontblesmes, the literary artist! And Tavannes stared, not knowing what else to do.

'Your surprise is justified, Monsieur,' said the writer. 'What I have done requires an explanation, and I am ready to give it to you if you will listen to me.'

Tavannes made a sign of assent. Illustrating his discourse with large gestures, Pontblesmes went on to say:

'*Mon cher Monsieur*, imagination, as the philosophers will tell you, is but a deformation or a transfiguration of the memory. We think we are inventing, but we are really building new dreams out of old memories. If I may credit rumor, the public admires the sweep of my imagination. Well, I aim to live the life of imagination. My public is ignorant of the constant activity of my existence. I have traveled everywhere, I have visited the depths, I wandered through the solitudes of Tibet and the sands of Arabia. I have worked at all trades, even the most humble. I know the great seigneurs of international politics, I have rubbed elbows with international assassins. To make his readers shiver, the author must have shivered, he must have run the gamut of human emotions.

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'I am working on a new book. I aim to paint the exploits of a band of daring adventurers tortured by a need of risk and battle. I am giving them a dramatic life full of crimes and ruses. Of late, in my study, I have found myself searching for phrases. My pen stopped creating vivid personal expressions. I sought to tell, in the most real and appealing manner, the tale of a nocturnal robbery. Again, my words failed me. Do you recall what I said about the necessity of an author's feeling anguish before he can depict it? You begin to understand?'

Pontblesmes laughed again, rather strangely, and was silent. Tavannes, though not at ease, had listened with interest.

'Last night,' continued the writer, 'I determined to experience a rare sensation. I would attack a passer-by and steal his purse.

'The night found me in sombre avenues stalking my prey. I saw you from afar; I can see fairly well in demi-obscurity. I raised my scarf to my face, pulled my hat down over my head, and waited for you in the shadow of a great tree. I experienced the anxiety of the hunter. You were cold. Your hands in your pockets, your head buried in your fur collar, you were hurrying home. Monsieur, I cannot congratulate you on your courage. Hardly had I pressed my revolver to your breast and cried out, "Your money or your life," when a fit of trembling seized you, you handed over the pocketbook, and hurried away.

'I found a fortune in my hands, but as you see, Monsieur, I am not a robber. I found your name and address, and here I am. Allow me to warn you against carrying about so large a sum of money.'

Tavannes, vexed and more than ever ill at ease, was about to express his distaste for the adventure, when he suddenly uttered a cry of terror. With a frightful jump, the strange author had leaped at him and knocked him down. A convulsive agitation played on his features; his eyes were those of a madman.

'I have had two sensations,' cried Pontblesmes, your cowardice of yesterday, your joy of to-day. I now intend to experience a third — your mortal terror. Monsieur, I am going to throw you out of the window!' And his fingers closed about Tavannes's throat.

The painter fought and cried, the author hung on desperately. Suddenly the door burst open and two policemen hurled themselves upon the stranger. When they had mastered him, one of them wiped his face, and said to Tavannes:

'You have had Heaven on your side, Monsieur. This fellow is one of our most dangerous maniacs. He escaped yesterday, and we have just found his trail. He thinks himself Pontblesmes, the romancer, and attempts sensational crimes in order to write of them. What can he not have done since yesterday!'

Tumbled into a chair, Tavannes drew long breaths. What an adventure! Suddenly he happened to notice the last romance of the real Arnaud Pontblesmes lying on his table. With a cry of rage, he seized it, tossed it to the floor, and ground it into the carpet with his heels.

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[*The Cornhill Magazine*]

SLEEP AND THE HIDDEN SELF

BY EDMUND CANDLER

It is comforting to think that one may not be half such a fool when asleep. Lamb's elderly friend used to ask the stripling suspected of poetic leanings: 'Young man, what sort of dreams have you?' Poetic and dramatic dreams need not imply a poet or a dramatist in the waking self; yet if we canvass our own and our friends' dreams, the odds are we will find a poet in the sleeping consciousness. Lamb was probably modest for the sake of an argument when he said that he could not muster a fiddle or raise the ghost of a fish-wife.

For simplicity's sake let us call the gross, unintelligent, supraliminal, waking self, Number One, and the subliminal self, the consciousness sleeping beneath the threshold, the inspiration of our spiritual adventures in dreamland, Number Two. It is common in the relation of his dreams for Number One to parade this little genius in motley. But the truth is Number One, who may think himself very wide awake, is often a dull, prosaic fellow, while his Number Two is an artist. The supraliminal booby cannot follow his dreaming inmate, and being hopelessly at sea, comforts himself that what he cannot understand must be rubbish. Number Two thinks in analogies, in wide figurative sweeps. Number One labors behind him like a child trying to construe a monologue of Browning, unable to follow the poet's swift thought as it leaps from promontory to promontory, dismayed at the ellipses, his vision too narrow to bridge them.

Number One discovers this very slowly. Much that he learns is communicated to him by Number Two in those brief moments of meeting by the threshold. Gradually he comes to know that Number Two moves in worlds not realized, where image and fact are blended like mind and matter in the physical universe. It is his own supraliminal casuistry, his inability to look at more than one thing at a time, his clinging to the particular, his shrinking from the infinite, that hobbles his fancy. If he could hunt with Number Two and keep his five wits all the time, there is nothing he might not accomplish. But he returns from his shadowy adventures with the vaguest idea of their significance. Number Two leaves him at the door with a word of gesture which haunts the waking consciousness and slips away.

Many people have the habit of dreaming double — of two things at once, or in quick alternation as if they were the same thing. There is another kind of figurative dreaming akin to this, a subtle parallelism in which Number Two does not dream in metaphor of two things at the same time. He dreams in simile, so to speak. He sees the image of the thought that is in Number One's keeping. It is not the things Number One has actually seen with the eye or the mind that come up in sleep, but waves of perception or emotion suggested by them, hope, pity, or fear, like a bar of music set to a different key. Or it may be a series of impressions, monotony, cli-

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max, or bathos, or the pitch of sensation, ascending or descending, communicated in one medium, rendered in another. Some hint has glided imperceptibly under the threshold during the day, and at night Number Two will be at work on it. He is given the thread, but he is too much of an artist to weave the same pattern. He will paraphrase the idea or the impression, glance at the emotion, play a fugue on it.

Riding dreamily into an old Punjab city, Number One sees a lean sweet-seller sitting on a parapet of a bridge, with his scales and his single tray of sticky yellow molasses — he sells them at three for a farthing — glistening under a canopy of flies. A wave of pity is communicated to Number One which vibrates through to Number Two, who repeats the note unheard. He is still repeating it at midnight, when Number One is awaked by the barking of a dog. When the summons comes to Number Two to evacuate, he is in a long low upstairs *atelier*, full of colored stuff hung on lines all round the room. There is a pale, strained-looking woman in the centre, who is not working at the time, but who works at all other times. The colored fabrics are remnants of Eurasians' stockings — they did, in fact, become Eurasians' stockings while Number Two was looking at them — and they had to be made into trimming for Eurasians' hats, and the pale, strained-looking lady was paid fourpence for the hundred. It is not the sweet-seller and scales that recur; it is the impression of a particular kind of poverty and servitude. Number One is literal and prosy; he could not see a parallelism. But Number Two is an artist; he will vary the theme for you from supper time to cock crow.

One night Number One had been sitting up late playing Bridge, and holding bad hands. When he fell asleep Number Two played variations on the theme of disappointment. Number One had held three Yarboroughs, Number Two was collecting wild flowers in a strange forest and held a blade of knot grass in his hand, symbol of sterility, the most niggard herb that grows, with perhaps ten or twelve bracts detached along the stalks. Thirteen, the suit-number, would have made the simile exact, but dreams are not so specific. The weed stood, at a glance, for ostentatious poverty. The waking consciousness had this from Number Two as he slipped away.

If we compare dreams with the waking thoughts of those who dream, it would seem that the creative faculty exists only in sleep. I have a friend who is ordinarily untroubled with the visionary gleam. He woke one morning and found himself screwed up in a ball on his pillow, his head communing with his knees. Number One had supped unwisely; Number Two rode the blast; he was swept through epic adventures; he drew a girdle round the earth. In Pekin he put up in a small inn kept by the Empress of China, and sallying out, came on a strange scene. He saw a parade ground marked out with pegs and ropes, and a squad of malefactors bound tightly to stakes driven into the earth, their brows fast on the sod, their limbs doubled up like trussed fowls — Number One had been carving that night — and on the green plain not a hundred yards off, a squadron of cavalry with bright lances and swords, who, in a moment, were to ride at them man for man and stick them, and cut off their heads as they galloped past.

Number Two was the only witness of the scene. He looked at the victims over a rope, and horror entered his soul. Then he caught the accusing eye of one of them, a kind of sexless Cer-

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berus and Medusa in one. It would have been all right if he had not looked, but somehow the glance established his complicity in the agony that was being prepared, and at the same time it loosened the fetters of the one who had seen him. Number Two did not wait to see the cords fall off, or the trussed Celestial gather up his limbs and straighten himself for pursuit, but he turned and ran, without looking back, as hard as his legs could carry him to the small inn kept by the Empress of China.

He met the Empress on the rickety wooden stairs and told her his plight, feeling the breath of the assassin on his neck.

'Go to your room and hide yourself in your bed,' she said.

'But he will follow and kill me. He is just behind.'

'Get between the sheets quickly,' she said, 'and pretend that you are three bottles of wine.'

As Number Two obeyed, pantingly, he heard the pursuer's step on the stair. The door burst open, the assassin stood over him, his naked sword in his hand, his face distorted with bloodthirstiness and hate. He uttered a deep guttural, vengeful 'Ah!' and Number Two knew that his ghost was sped.

But the Empress of China had followed the man up to the room, and stood by his elbow.

'What are you doing?' she asked quietly. 'That is three bottles of wine.'

Number Two shut his eyes and held his breath, and kept quite still, hoping faintly, but prepared for the end.

'So it is!' the assassin said.

Then the phenomenon called waking took place, and the Philistine, Number One, reviewed the adventure. His two knees and his head communing on the pillow were the three bottles of wine.

'What an imagination you must have!' I said when he told me the dream.

'Imagination! Lobster!'

Admitted that it was lobster. I make my bow all the more deeply to Number Two.

Another friend, who is neither poetical nor given to strong drink or drugs, dreamed that he was in an old-world hostelry in Norfolk, during the first month of the war, and he heard the county regiment march past at night to the beat of muffled drums. He went to the window and saw them pass underneath in the wet, dimly-lighted street. Some were very old, but not all. Some had uniforms and overcoats and some not. The few faces he saw were white and absent-minded. He asked a man by his side who they were.

'Why, they're the regiment,' he said. 'They're called out.' And he looked out of the window indifferently.

'But why are they so old?'

The man looked at Number Two, puzzled, as if he had said something foolish.

'Why, of course. They are the dead of the regiment. They always go first when the regiment is called out.'

And Number Two knew that the dull footsteps he could hear passing away were the ghosts of all who had fallen in battle since the ——th were enrolled.

My friend had not read Francis Doyle's *The Return of the Guards:*

> On, on, through wild and wondrous regions
> Echoed their iron tread,
> Whilst voices old before them rolled:
> 'Make way for Alma's dead.'

Once when I had been seeing a great deal of a regiment in the Indian army I dreamed a long metaphorical Bridge dream, in which a group of personified card values went through their struggles in the flesh. I had not learned

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Auction Bridge then. Oddly enough, my dreams after my first lesson were symbolical. The dealer declared 'Five Clubs, Mohammedans.' The second to call made it 'Four Hearts, Sikhs,' and I was thinking of making a 'Spade, Hindu,' declaration, when my instructor advised me to declare 'No Trumps,' on the principle that a regiment of mixed companies was safer in case of a mutiny than a Class regiment made up of men of the same race and religion.

The muddle of dreams, their mixed sense and absurdity is due to the poverty of material Number Two is given to work with. He is wonderful at design, he will weave you a pattern of floating gossamer threads. His dream-tapestry and friezes are as far beyond the range of Number One as Bayeux and the Parthenon. The difficulty is, that he is given so few images at a time. And he is balked by what psychologists call dissociation. Not only are the casual detached images that are presented to him often insufficient, but whole faculties and avenues of perception are closed at once. And that is why the waking consciousness reviewing subliminal work often feels himself superior. But the airs Number One gives himself over Number Two are like the sneers of the Philistine, whose walls are hung with lithographic prints, when he is asked to admire the visualization of the Infinite in Chinese Art.

To Number Two things and people are often merely signs, counters, personified values, pips to score with. Smith need not stand for the individual known to Number One; he may represent a condition, or state, or, if there are not enough counters to go round, two states at once. Hence the composite personality of dreams. One may be 'Grand heresiarch' and '*malleus hereticorum*.' Number Two can take a lady to the theatre and keep her by his side, and watch her act on the stage at the same time. His dream-Smith may represent the desire to buy, and the desire to sell at once. If so, Number Two will not think it strange when Smith asks him to buy something for him at his own auction because he happens to live near.

It is the impinging of the two Smiths, or the two Smith-values, that Number One does not understand. He does not see that his other self can inform his plastic clay with any faculty he chooses, as a child playing invests a doll or a tin soldier, or another child, with a special function for the moment. Number Two *is* a child in the sense in which all geniuses are children.

Resolve your dreams into their constituent parts if you want to see him at work. Trace each image to its source. You will see of what threads his stuff is woven. You must begin at the moment of waking and close your mind to all else, or Number One will intervene with his supraliminal baubles and break the spell.

Number One lives in an age of formula and reason, a dry, profane, literal, ratiocinative age. Number Two harks back to an age of revelation. His impressions are more primitive. And does not that mean more initiated, imaginative, elusive of mere definition, susceptible to a greater number of suggestions at the same time which the mind can assimilate instinctively without the halting prose of logic or matter-of-fact deduction?

One hot day in India Number One was going home to his fire-pit in the plains after a day or two at Simla. He woke hearing Number Two repeat: 'I hope they have not cut off the hand of my angel.' That was the prayer of Number Two, and the hope was that the electric current might not be cut off at his house in H——.

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But why angel? That decent English body, Number One, has no truck with such metaphors. He would as soon dine in carpet slippers as parade himself alone or in company in this mental undress. But for many days the pain of heat and thirst and drought had sunk through to the subconscious self, who knows no traditions, until the bright light hanging from the beams, and in the darkness the whirring wings and sparks of the fan above his bed, must have become associated — unknown to Number One — with some high guardian spirit.

And the hand? Was Number Two confusing the hand of the angel with the hand that evoked the angel? Number One knew at once when he was called into being that the hand symbolized the switchboard which was nailed roughly on the wall when he left the house, the wires spreading out like tendons from a wristlike point, the installation being incomplete and uncertain. If the head of the angel was in the high lighted roof above the rushing wings, the hand would be low down by the door. If the current were cut off the hand would be maimed, the tendons limp and inert. No switching of brass knobs would revive the strange protective being known to Number Two. Number One knew him only as a mechanism, an application of some latent energy. For the poetry of Number Two is bald prose to Number One, or worse. His images need his own vision. They lose by translation, like Chaucer or the Psalms in paraphrase, or fresh shells taken from the sea.

Even in his workaday moments Number Two is often misunderstood. In another dream he is watching an unknown man fumbling with an engine, when the stranger looks up and asks him to explain its mechanism to the bystanders; at which he is constrained to say:

'My help will be discounted by the consequations attendant upon my ignorance.'

While he is delivering this portentous sentence Number One is called into being by a sudden noise in the room. The waking consciousness catches the last words of the sleeping consciousness as he slips back under the threshold, and he is shocked to find that his momentary *vis-à-vis* has no respect for the decencies of style. But he does not remember the facts. By the arbitrary caprice of dreams Number Two had to explain, in a sentence which contained only one verb, that he did not understand machinery, and that he could not help. The literary faculty, the sense of style, were dormant; but the constructive faculty, within set limitations, was tolerably wideawake. Number Two knew that only one-clause sentences were 'up' as they say in the newspaper offices, and he did not do badly with his material.

In other ways Number Two gains by this dissociation. Like the earlier poets of a language — he has an ampler field. Words come to him fresh from their sources; they are not vulgarized by conventional uses or sordid connections. He saw nothing incongruous in his ode beginning 'Oh! Time has long ears,' or in the title of the new novel 'Old and Tight,' which was discussed at a subliminal dinner party. There must have been some supraliminal oaf in the room, for it was suggested that if it had been 'Young and Tight,' it would not have mattered so much. How unspeakable to Number Two is the ingrained vulgarity of the life above the threshold.

Number Two keeps better company. There is a delightful subliminal lady he meets sometimes, who reads the hearts of wild creatures. She is always gathering flowers and holding

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out a hand to caress the long cold nose of some browsing beastie. Sometimes a little girl trips by her side picking up her lore.

'Do you know why horses don't quite understand?'

'No? Why, please?'

'Because of the fur in their ears.'

The little girl was found in the manger of her black Shetland 'Fanny.' The pony edged away suspiciously from the scissors in her hand, and she was sad-eyed because she could not reach the long hairs which made it impossible for 'Fanny' to 'quite understand.'

I heard the subliminal lady trying to explain to her black Aberdeen that darkness and night were objective phenomena, and not a change, as that good creature believed, which came over his own eyes about dinner time, a kind of film or inability to see associated, in the natural order of things, with the hours of digestion.

She often uses words which Number Two has not heard, but he always understands them. She was changing a bowl of primroses one day, when she said to the little girl by her side: 'I think the beenies look so sweet,' and Number Two knew she meant the drooping ones, the primroses that had been, which she dropped with tender hesitation into the basket for the dead and faded.

Thoughts gather their symbols very easily in sleep. New words are accepted without surprise. Passing a workmanlike group of Tommies, Number Two heard his friend say: 'There's a good bit of "neither" in that lot,' and he knew that 'neither' meant a mixture of self-assertiveness, obstinacy, conviction, grit, and that the word was derived from the emphatic double negative of the British soldier, which comes in so patly at the end of the sentence to clinch what has gone before. Number One had been reading Kipling and had been struck by Ortheris's phrase:

'I've fell out and been sick on the Tangi twice and wot turns my innards ain't no bloomin' vilets neither.'

A traveler who had just come back from a trip in East Africa, showed Number Two a map of the Ruwenzori Range, which he had made himself. When Two asked him how he had done it, he said: 'By pavlation.' Two had not heard the word before, but he recognized in 'pav' the root of 'pavement' and knew that his friend must have pieced his map together in a kind of mosaic by small bits at a time, as the triangulation system had been impossible on account of the perpetual clouds round the summit.

Number One is unhappy when he wakes before the sun, and his very unhappiness in these gray hours is a subconscious testimony to the comforting presence of Number Two. One is never so much alone as in those few seconds before one has obtained a grip of life, when one is full of vague apprehensions, and the eternal Moira looms indefinite, weighing down the spirit with no cause except that one cannot explain what one is doing in this whirl of unsympathetic matter, and the spirit is afraid and ill at ease in its shell, and even more afraid at the notion of being rid of it. The subliminal self may have wandered through these shadows all night unafraid, but the supraliminal ego is distressed when he crosses his partner to take over charge, and sees him slipping back into shadowland. Soon the supraliminal lantern will be throwing its colored pictures on the wall — fainter than in sleep — to cheat him till he dreams again, but he is chilled in the gray interval when Number Two is passing, before he has his foothold, while he is looking into the abyss.

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We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps [old Sir Thomas Browne mused]. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is, then fruitful, I would never study, but in my dreams. . . . I am no way facetious, nor disposed to the mirth and galliardise of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the actors, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the deceits thereof.

Truly Number Two is a winged visionary. Number One might have known it, yet the hulking Philistine and clown, who goes about calling himself Jones or Smith, must needs parade this little genius in motley, styling him a bizarre, irresponsible being, a disreputable understudy, an oaf, with whom he would not be mixed up publicly.

Which of us does not owe his apologia to Number Two, the little lantern man, dramatist, artist, player, to whom we are beholden for a thousand and one nights of entertainment — to the little coy genius we all house within us if only we could conjure him out, who sits by the threshold weaving the colored threads which our clumsy waking self has tossed him during the day?

[*The London Outlook*]

MR. GEORGE MOORE

BY E. T. RAYMOND

THERE is one disadvantage in being very modern. Like the Red Queen (was it?) one has to run very hard merely to keep in the same place. Without such effort one achieves out-of-dateness in its most distressing form; in a Cubist world there is dignity in being anything but a post-Impressionist. Mr. George Moore has a little of this faded forlornness of the evening newspaper of the day before yesterday. He started as a best seller of the school in literature which roughly corresponded to that of Aubrey Beardsley in art; to-day his books have a narrower appeal. It is true the appeal is purposely narrowed; Mr. Moore publishes privately, with a limited subscription —'the alternative,' he says, 'was for him to cease writing,' a calamity happily avoided. It is true also that Mr. Moore now aims at being pure caviare; he gives out to hold in great contempt his earlier work, and refused to let an American publisher resurrect a certain *Mike Fletcher*, produced in 1889, which he describes as one of the worst stories ever written. But it is probably still truer that the taste for Moore of any kind is now mainly confined to advanced middle age. Advanced youth looks elsewhere for its shocks.

Johnson speaks of an author 'generated by the corruption of a bookseller.' Mr. Moore is the resultant of French culture acting on Irish temperament. The son of a Roman Catholic landowner in Mayo, he spent his early manhood in Paris, and there imbibed that spirit of despairing unbelief which was the feature of French literature after 1870. There was this difference, however, between the talented young Irishman and the writers he made his models. While declaiming that nothing mattered, they were for the most part in deadly earnest over doing so; he, on the other hand, surveyed the vistas of futility with a quite genial interest; nothing meant anything, but it was all very amusing to watch and write about. Mr. Moore, in short, was gifted with the soul of a connoisseur, and he is perhaps never more felicitous than when writing about painting and music.

The only trouble about being a connoisseur is that you always end by having no taste in the real sense of the word; that is, you can only appreciate the exceptional; the ordinary, which, after all, is the healthy, has no savor for you. Mr. Moore, a connoisseur in

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life as well as in art, early arrived at that stage; indeed, he never seems to have had a youth free from sophistication. Women especially he has studied as a connoisseur; he has subjected his specimens of the sex to the sort of tests Dr. Bode applied to the Flora bust — and perhaps with as little real success as Dr. Bode on that famous occasion. Mr. Moore's earlier novels are almost like chemical treatises in this regard; he treats his *Evelyn Innes* to a strong solution of bad-baronetical culture, and she gives off the yellow fumes of rather commonplace naughtiness; then he tries an infusion of youthful Celticism, with rather confused results; then for a change he bleaches with Catholic chlorine; and so forth. Every detail of each experiment is jotted down with the aloof curiosity of the vivisectionist, and reproduced with a curious mixture of expert outspokenness and amateur zest. It is as if the methods of the scientist were at the disposal of an inquisitive schoolboy, or as if Peeping Tom were at work on a damaged Godiva with a whole optical battery.

Mr. Mantalini boasted of his conquest of two countesses and a dowager, adding that 'the two countesses had no outlines at all, and the dowager's was a dem'd outline.' Mr. Moore's heart, in all that concerns the sex, is equally disengaged, and his vision equally without illusion. His women, spiritually considered, have either no outline at all, or 'dem'd outlines.' And, judging from his exceedingly frank autobiography, he is not more impressed by the male of his species, and least of all by the Irish male. He makes fun of Mr. Yeats; he even laughs at Sir Horace Plunkett; he expresses a whole-hearted contempt for the whole race of Irish idealists and politicians; 'there is no political capacity outside Ulster,' he said not long ago. This special disdain of things Irish may perhaps be connected with the failure of an attempt to take the lead in the Irish literary movement. Dublin did not respond, partly, perhaps, because Mr. Moore had discovered an enthusiasm for what he called 'Protestantism' — in his case surely a very formless thing — and declared that 'Catholicism had produced no great literature.'

Whatever the reason, Mr. Moore's Irish enthusiasm was short-lived, and he has long been at home only in London. Here, in a certain circle, he is an oracle, and in a much larger circle a character. In the latter capacity he is the more piquant because his heterodoxy goes with an exterior of tame and almost dejected submission to the commonplace. I once saw a fur in Oxford Street labeled 'Tiger-rabbit,' and there is in Mr. Moore's duality something almost as incongruous. To some a new book by him is an event, and occasionally, as in the case of *The Brook Kerith*, a ripple of interest reaches the larger world. Mr. Moore, having written a story which upset every orthodox view of the Founder of the Christian faith, was rather unphilosophically irritated by the resentment it occasioned in some quarters, and four years have not apparently soothed his ruffled feelings. He gave some little time ago his reasons for no longer offering his work to the general public. He is tired, it seems, of persecution. The persecutions began with his first book, *Flowers of Passion* — a title rather suggestive of the raw-boned poetess in *Pendennis* — nearly forty years ago; and they have never ceased. 'Even the publication of *Esther Waters* did not bring them to a close,' says Mr. Moore, 'a book which is now looked upon as a beautiful development of the beatitudes.' Mr. Moore, in short, wishes to write a 'per-

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sonal literature,' and 'in the present democratic circumstances a personal literature is not possible in prose narrative.' Therefore, Mr. Moore is to be bought only by a thousand people who ask for him in prescribed fashion and agree to pay two guineas for a volume in all the pomp of splendid type and hand-made rag paper; while the fortunate author enjoys 'a freedom unknown since Elizabethan times.'

All of which argues pluck and perhaps some business acumen also. But, while an author is right to take himself seriously, it is possible that Mr. Moore would be none the worse for some practical sense of humor. For, though he is an admirable craftsman, his weaknesses are precisely those which most flourish in the freedom which he claims, and which (thanks to monetary independence) he has, in fact, always enjoyed. He would have written none the worse, and might have delivered a more important message, had he been forced into a football match of life, instead of being always a Sadducean spectator on the verge of things. The 'democracy' he contemns is, no doubt, a very 'rough, ill-favored thing,' like Master Slender's bears, but those who shrink from its coarse judgments will always be wise to ask themselves very seriously whether they or the common people are more likely to be right on the large questions. On the small things the common man is, of course, almost certain to make himself ridiculous occasionally. But if he does not always know the difference between nudity and indecency in a stone Venus, he can be trusted to tell when a living woman is a hussy, or a living man a fribble.

[*The London Mercury*]

THE WHARVES OF LONDON

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

THEY begin on the north side of the city, at Poverty Corner. They begin imperceptibly, and very likely are no more than what a native knows is there. They do not look like wharves. They look like another of the byways of the capital. There is nothing to distinguish them from the rest of Fenchurch Street. You will not find them in the directory, for their name is only a familiar bearing used by seamen among themselves. If a wayfarer came upon them from the west, he might stop to light a pipe (as well there as anywhere) and pass on, guessing nothing of what they are and of their memories. And why should he? London is built of such old shadows; and while we are here casting our own there is not much time to turn and question what they fall upon. Yet if some unreasonable doubt, a suspicion that he was being watched, made a stranger hesitate at that corner, he might begin to feel that London there was as different from Bayswater and Clapham as though deep water intervened. In a sense deep water does; and not only the sea, but legends of ships that have gone, and of the men

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who knew them, and traditions of a service older than anything Whitehall knows, though still as lively as enterprise itself, and as recent as the ships which moved on to-day's high water.

In a frame outside one of the shops hangs a photograph of a sailing ship. The portrait is so large and the beauty of the subject so evident that it might have been the cause of the stranger stopping there to fill his pipe. Yet how could he know that to those groups of men loitering about the name of that ship is as familiar as Suez or Rio, even though they have never seen her? They know her as well as they know their business. They know her house flag — it is indistinguishable in the picture — and her master, and it is possible the oldest of them remembers the Clippers of that fleet of which she alone now carries the emblem; for this is not only another year, but another era. But they do not look at her portrait. They spit into the road, or stare across it, and rarely move from where they stand, except to pace up and down as though keeping a watch.

At one time, perhaps thirty years ago, it was usual to see gold rings in their ears. It is said that if you wanted a bunch of men to run a little river steamer, with a freeboard of six inches, out to Delagoa Bay, you could engage them all at this corner, or at the taverns just up the turning. The suggestion of such a voyage, in such a ship, would turn us to look on these men in wonder, for it is the way of all but the wise to expect appearance to betray admirable qualities. These fellows, though, are not significant, except that you might think of some of them that their ease and indifference were assumed, and that, when trying not to look so, they were very conscious of the haste and importance of this great city into which that corner jutted far enough for them.

landed or they are about to sail again, and they might be standing on the shore eyeing the town beyond, in which the fate of ships is known by those they never see, but who are inimical to them, and whose ways are inscrutable.

If there are any inland shops which can hold one longer than the place where that ship's portrait hangs, then I do not know them. That comes from no more, of course, than the usual fault of an early impression. That fault gives a mould to the mind, and our latest thoughts, which we try to make reasonable, betray that accidental shape. It may be said that I looked into this window while still soft. The consequence, everybody knows, would be incurable in a boy who saw sextants for the first time, compasses, patent logs, sounding machines, signaling gear, and the other secrets of navigators. Not only those things, either. There was a section given to books, with classics like Stevens on *Stowage*, and Norie's *Navigation*, volumes never seen west of Gracechurch Street. The books were all for the eyes of sailors, and were sorted by chance. *Knots and Splices*, *Typee*, *Know Your Own Ship*, the *South Pacific Directory*, and *Castaway on the Auckland Islands*. There were many of them, and they were in that fortuitous and attractive order. The back of every volume had to be read, though the light was bad.

On one wall between the windows a specimen chart was framed. Maps are good; but how much better are charts, especially when you cannot read them except by guessing at their cryptic lettering! About the coast line the fathom marks cluster thickly, and venture to sea in lines which attenuate, or become sparse clusters, till the chart is blank, being beyond soundings. At the Capes are red dots, with arcs on

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the seaward side to show at what distance mariners pick up the real lights at night. Through such windows, boys with bills of lading and mates' receipts in their pockets, being on errands to ship owners, look outward, and only seem to look inward. Where are the confines of London?

Opposite Poverty Corner there is, or there used to be, an archway into a courtyard where in one old office the walls were hung with half-models of sailing ships, I remember the name of one, the Winifred. Deed boxes stood on shelves, with the name of a ship on each. There was a mahogany counter, an encrusted pewter inkstand, desks made secret with high screens, and a silence that might have been the reproof to intruders of a repute remembered in silence and dignity behind the screens by those who kept waiting so unimportant a visitor as a boy. On the counter was a stand displaying sailing cards, announcing, among other events in London river, 'the fine ship Blackadder for immediate dispatch, having most of her cargo engaged, to Brisbane.' And in those days, just round the corner in Billiter Street, one of the East India Company's warehouses still remained, a sombre relic among the new limestone and red granite offices, a massive archway in its centre leading, it could be believed, to an enclosure of night left by the eighteenth century and forgotten. I never saw anybody go into it, or come out. How could they? It was of another time and place. The familiar Tower, the Guildhall that we knew nearly as well, the Cathedral which certainly existed, for it could often be seen in the distance, and the Abbey that was little more than something we had heard named, they were but the scenery close to the buses.

Yet London was more wonderful than anything they could make it appear. About Fenchurch Street and Leadenhall Street wagons could be seen going east, bearing bales and cases, and the packages were portmarked for Sourabaya, Para, Ilo-Ilo, and Santos — names like those. They had to be seen to be believed. One could stand there, forced to think that the sun never did more than make the floor of asphalted streets glow like polished brass, and that the evening light was full of glittering motes and smelled of dust, and that life worked itself out with ink in cupboards made of glass and mahogany; and suddenly you learned, while smelling the dust, that Acapulco was more than a portent in a book and held only by an act of faith. Yet that astonishing revelation, enough to make any youthful messenger forget where he himself was bound, through turning to follow with his eyes so casual an acceptance by a carrier's cart of the verity of a fable, is nowhere mentioned, I have found since, in any guide to our capital, though you may learn how Cornhill got its name.

For though Londoners understand the Guildhall pigeons have as much right to the place as the Aldermen, they look upon the seabirds by London Bridge as vagrant strangers. They do not know where their city ends on the east side. Their river descends from Oxford in more than one sense, and ceases to lose their respect in the neighborhood of Westminster. It has little history worth mentioning below that. The Thames goes down then to a wide gray vacuity, a featureless monotony where men but toil, where life becomes silent in effort, and goes out through fogs to nowhere in particular.

But there is a hilltop at Woolwich from which, better than from Richmond, our river, the burden-bearer, the road which joins us to New York

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and Sydney, can be seen for what it is, plainly related to a vaster world, with the ships upon its bright path moving through the smoke and buildings of the city. And surely some surmise of what our river is comes to a few of that multitude which crosses London Bridge every day? They favor the east side of it, I have noticed, and they cannot always resist a pause to stare overside to the pool. Why do they? Ships are there, it is true, but only insignificant traders, diminished by sombre cliffs up which their cargo is hauled piecemeal to vanish instantly into mid-air caverns; London absorbs all they have as morsels. Anyhow, it is the business of ships. The people on the bridge watch another life below, with its strange cries and mysterious movements. A leisurely wisp of steam rises from a steamer's funnel. She is alive and breathing, though motionless. The walls enclosing the pool are spectral in a winter light, and might be no more than the almost forgotton memory of a dark past. Looking at them intently, to give them a name, the wayfarer on the bridge could imagine they were maintained there only by the frail effort of his will. Once they were, but now, in some moods, they are merely remembered. Only the men busy on the deck of the ship below are real.

Through an arch beneath the feet a barge shoots out noiselessly on the ebb, and staring down at its sudden apparition you feel dizzily that it has the bridge in tow and that all you people there are being drawn down resistlessly into that lower world of shades. You release yourself from this spell with an effort and look at the faces of those who are beside you at the parapet. What are their thoughts? Do they know? Have they also seen the ghosts? Have they felt stirring a secret and forgotten desire, old memories, and tales that were told? They move away and go to their desks, or to their homes in the suburbs. A vessel that has hauled into the fairway calls for the Tower Bridge gates to be opened for her. She is going. We watch the eastern mists which take her from us. For we never are so passive and well disciplined to the routine of the things which compel us, but rebellion comes at times — misgiving that there is a world beyond the one we know, regret that we never ventured and made no discovery, and that our time has been saved and not spent. The bascules descend again.

There, where that ship vanished, is the highway which brought those unknown folk whose need created London out of reeds and mere. It is our oldest road, and now has many bypaths. Near Poverty Corner is a building which recently was dismissed with a brief humorous reference in a new guide to our city — a cobbled forecourt, tame pigeons, cabs, a brick-front topped by a clock face: Fenchurch Street Station. Beyond its dingy platforms, the metal track which contracts into the murk is the road to China, though that is, perhaps, the last place you would guess to be at the end of it.

The train runs over a wilderness of tiles, a gray plateau of bare slate and rock, its expanse cracked and scored as though by a withering heat. Nothing grows there; nothing could live there. Smoke still pours from it, from numberless vents, as though it were volcanic. The region is without sap. Above its plains project superior fumaroles, their drifting vapors dissolving great areas. When the train descends slightly, then holes appear in that cliff which runs parallel with your track. The desert is actually burrowed, and every hole in the plateau is a habitation. Something does live there.

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That region of burned and fissured rock is tunneled and inhabited; the unlikely serrations and ridges with the smoke moving over them are porous, and a fluid life ranges beneath unseen. It is the beginning of Dockland. That the life is in upright beings, each with independent volition and a soul; that it is not an amorphous movement, flowing in bulk through buried pipes, incapable of the idea of height, of rising, is difficult to believe. It has not been believed.

The crust of roofs ends abruptly in a country which is a complexity of gasometers, canals, railway junctions, between which the long spokes of cabbage fields radiate from the train and revolve, and what is the grotesque suggestion of many ships in the distance, for through gaps in a nondescript horizon masts appear in a kaleidoscopic way. The journey ends, usually in the rain, among iron sheds that are topped on the far side by the rigging and smokestacks of great liners. There is no doubt about it now. At the corner of one shed, sheltering from the weather, is a group of brown men in colored rags, first seen in the gloom because of the whites of their eyes.

What we remember of such a day is that it was half of night, and the wind played castanets with the sheet iron, hummed in the cordage, and swayed wildly the loose gear aloft. Towering hulls were ranged down each side of a lagoon that ended in vacancy. The rigging and funnels of the fleet were unrelated; those ships were phantom and monstrous. They seemed on too great a scale to be within human control. We felt diminished and a little fearful, as among the looming urgencies of a dream. The forms were gigantic but vague, and they were seen in a smother of the elements; and their sounds, sonorous, melancholy, and prolonged, were like the warning of something alien, yet without form, which we knew was adverse, but could not recall when awake again. We remember, that day, a few watchers insecure on an exposed dockhead that projected into a sullen dreariness of river and mud which could have been the finish of the land. At the end of a creaking hawser was a steamer canting as she backed to head down stream — she was obviously exposed now to a great adventure — the tide, rapid and noisy on her plates, the reek from her funnel sinking over the water. And from the dockhead, in the fuddle of a rain squall, we were waving a handkerchief, probably to the wrong man, till the vessel went out where all was one, rain, river, mud, and sky, and the future.

It is afterwards that so strange an ending to a brief journey from a city station is seen to have had more in it than the time-table, hurriedly scanned, gave away. Or it would be remembered as strange, if the one who had to make that journey so much as thought of it again; for perhaps to a stranger occupied with more important matters it was passed as being quite relevant to the occasion, ordinary and rather dismal, the usual boredom of a duty. Its strangeness depends, very likely, as much on an idle and squandering mind as on the ships, the river, and the gasometers. Yet suppose you first saw the river from Blackwall Stairs, in the days when the windows of the Artichoke Tavern, an ancient weather-boarded house with benches outside, still looked toward the ships coming in! And how if then, one evening, you had seen a Blackwall liner haul out for the Antipodes while her crew sang a chanty! It might put another light on the river; but a light, I will admit, which others should not be expected to see, and if they looked for it now might not discover, for it is possible

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that it has vanished, like the old tavern.

It is easy to persuade ourselves that a matter is made plain by the light in which we prefer to see it, for it is our light. One day, I remember, a boy had to take a sheaf of documents to a vessel loading in the London Dock. She was sailing that tide. It was a hot July noon. It is unlucky to send a boy, who is marked by all the omens for a city prisoner, to that dock, for it is one of the best of its kind. He had not been there before. There was an astonishing vista, once inside the gates, of sherry butts and port casks. On the flagstones were pools of wine lees. There was an unforgettable smell. It was of wine, spices, oakum, wool, and hides. The sun made it worse, but the boy, I think, preferred it strong. After wandering along many old quays, and through dark sheds with wide doors that, on such a sunny day, were stored with cool night and cubes and planks of gold, he found his ship, the Mulatto Girl. She was for the Brazils. Now it is clear that one even wiser in shipping affairs than a boy would have expected to see a craft that was haughty and portentous when bound for the Brazils, a ship that looked equal to making a coast of that kind. There she was, her flush deck well below the quay wall. A ladder went down to her, for she was no more than a schooner of a little over one hundred tons. If that did not look like the beginning of one of those voyages that are reputed to have ended with the Elizabethans, then I am trying to convey a wrong impression. On the deck of the Mulatto Girl was her master, in shirt and trousers and a remarkable straw hat more like a canopy, bending over to discharge some weighty words into the hatch. He rose and looked up at the boy on the quay, showing then a taut black beard and formidable eyes. With his hands on his hips, he surveyed for a few seconds the messenger above without speaking. Then he talked business, and more than legitimate business. 'Do you want to come?' he asked, and smiled. 'Eh?' He stroked his beard. The Brazils and all! A ship like that! 'There's a berth for you. Come along, my son.' And observe what we may lose through that habit of ours of uncritical obedience to duty; see what may leave us forever in that fatal pause, caused by the surprise of the challenge to our narrow experience and knowledge, the pause in which we miserably allow habit to overcome adventurous instinct! I never heard again of the Mulatto Girl. I could not expect to. Something, though, was gained that day. It cannot be named. It is of no value. It is, you may have guessed, that very light which it has been admitted may since have gone out.

Well, nobody who has ever surprised that light in Dockland will be persuaded that it is not there still, and will remain. What the foreshore of London is to some of us, and what those lights are which we see as reflections coming down the waters from a far adventure, to others would be what they are. The foreshore to them is the unending monotony of gray streets, sometimes grim, often decayed, and always reticent and sullen, that might never have seen the stars or heard of good luck; and the light would be, when closely looked at, merely a high gas bracket on a dank brick wall in solitude, its glass broken, and the flame within it fluttering to extinction like an imprisoned and crippled moth trying to evade the squeeze of giant darkness and the wind. The narrow and forbidden byway under that glim, a path intermittent, and depending on the weight of the night which is trying to blot it out

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altogether, goes to Wapping Old Stairs. Prince Rupert once went that way. The ketch Nonsuch, Captain Zachary Gillam, was then lying just off, about to make the voyage which established the Hudson's Bay Company.

It is a path, like all those stairs and ways that go down to the river, which began when human footsteps first originated London with rough tracks. It is a path by which the successors of those primitives went out of London, when projecting the original enterprise of their ancestors from Wapping to the Guinea Coast and Manitoba. Why should we believe it is different to-day? The sea does not change, and seamen are what they were, if their ships are not those we admired many years ago in the India Docks. It is impossible for those who know them to see those moody streets of Dockland, indeterminate, for they follow the river, which run from Tooley Street by the Hole-in-the-Wall to the Deptford Docks, and from Tower Hill along Wapping High Street to Limehouse and the Isle of Dogs, as strangers would see them. What could they be to strangers? Mud, taverns, pawnshops, neglected and obscure churches, and houses that might know nothing but ill-fortune.

So they are; but those ways hold more than the visible shades. The warehouses of that meandering chasm which is Wapping High Street are like weathered and unequal cliffs. It is hard to believe sunlight ever falls there. It could not get down. It is not easy to believe the river is near. It seldom shows. You think at times you hear the distant call of a ship. But what would that be? Something in the mind. It happened long ago. You, too, are a ghost left by the vanished past. There is a man above at a high loophole, the topmost cave of a warehouse which you can see has been exposed to commerce and the elements for ages; he pulls in a bale pendulous from the cable of a derrick. Below him one of the horses of a van tosses its nosebag. There is no other movement. A carman leans against an iron post, and cuts bread and cheese with a clasp knife. It was curious to hear that steamer call, but we know what it was. It was from a ship that went down, we have lately heard, in the war, and her spectre reminds us, from a voyage which is over, of men who have gone. But the call comes again just where the Stairs, like a shining wedge of day, holds the black warehouses asunder, and shows the light of the river and a release to the outer world. And there, moving swiftly across the brightness, goes a steamer outward bound.

That was what we wanted to know. She confirms it, and her signal, to whomever it was made, carried farther than she would guess. It is understood. The past for some of us now is our only populous and habitable world, invisible to others, but alive with whispers for us. Yet the sea still moves along the old wharves; ships still go and come, and do not, like us, run aground on what now is not there.

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[*The Anglo-French Review*]

GEORGES DUHAMEL

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE purpose of this article is solely to give an account of an interesting French contemporary. No attempt has been made to 'place' him, to make comparisons, to consider him as a member of a particular school or to construct any elaborate synthesis. What is here set down is intended as nothing more ambitious than an introduction, for those who are yet unacquainted with it, to the work of M. Georges Duhamel.

It is, I confess, as a critic rather than as a poet that M. Duhamel most compels my admiration. Undoubted as is the sincerity, exquisite as is the craftsmanship of his poetic work, it nevertheless seems to suffer from too rigid a respect for a theory which, though it has a great deal to be said for it, may perhaps sometimes be too strictly adhered to. M. Duhamel is, indeed, a brilliant critic who has written poetry; he is a brilliant critic who has written emotional books on the war. But above all, he is a critic. The essays in *Propos Critiques* and in *Les Poètes et la Poésie* are among the most important contributions to modern literary criticism. They are admirably conceived and executed, and are saved from any appearance of being desultory by the logical sequence of thought which runs through them. I have written with considerable emotion of M. Duhamel's 'war books.' They were written to stir up emotion — emotion of a kind which is now looked on with suspicion as merely 'sentimental.' It seems to me foolish to imprison one's self in an ossified intellectuality, and therefore I have expressed without apology or shrinking the pity and sympathy aroused in me by *La Vie des Martyrs*.

M. Duhamel's critical work is considerable not only for its bulk (facile triumph) but for its intelligence and penetration. It covers roughly about four years (1910–1913), and is the record of a mind anxious to formulate correctly and to record accurately. In one called *La Connaissance Poétique* * the author establishes a distinction between poetic knowledge and scientific knowledge. A fan, for example — how does a scientist gain cognizance of it? By a series of minute and complex investigations, aided and checked by various instruments and recorded in detail. How does a poet act? He comes into a room; a woman is fanning herself; for a short time he lives in the room, absorbs its 'atmosphere' and departs, having gone through no formal investigation of the fan. But later — perhaps years later — the scene comes back to him and he writes:

> Ce blanc vol fermé que tu poses
> Contre le feu d'un bracelet.

And all who read will know the fan poetically. They will have no scientific data, but they will have been made profoundly aware of the identity of the object. These two methods, M. Duhamel proceeds, are incompatible. Yet to some extent he contradicts his own theory; for his criticism is a use of the scientific method of inves-

* *Les Poètes et la Poésie*, pages 17 *et seq.*

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tigation on works of the imagination, though he himself has also the imaginative faculty, the creative faculty.

The earliest of his critical works is the *Notes sur la Technique Poétique* written in collaboration with M. Charles Vildrac. The 'general reader,' who is presumably interested in results and not in processes, may be tempted to pass over the book. The technique of modern verse has undergone as profound a revolution as that of modern music and painting. A totally new prosody (if we must retain old words) has been or is being built up. Yet, for those who admire or are curious about the 'new poetry,' this book has a considerable importance as one in which principles are adequately formulated and the right to artistic freedom asserted.

In 1912 was published *Propos Critiques*, a book designed, as the author explains, not to praise the achievement of established authors (like Verhaeren or Gide) but to 'comment on the attempts of the younger writers.' It is important not only as the formulation of M. Duhamel's own æsthetic, but also as a 'manifesto' of a body of French writers now rapidly attaining fame, though in 1912 comparatively unknown. It is impossible to compress into a few lines the thirty pages of M. Duhamel's introduction to *Propos Critiques*, for it is already closely compressed by the author. Perhaps his æsthetic may be cheaply summarized by the hackneyed phrase 'back to nature.'

> Let us get away [he says] from erudition, from this huge mass of documents of the past which weigh us down and which force us to imitate dead masters instead of expressing ourselves. Let us get away from our libraries when we write. . . . While accepting with admiration the masterpieces that have been created in the past, let us escape from mere 'echoing' of others. Let us be ourselves, not merely mouthpieces. Let us rediscover humanity.*
>
> * *Propos Critiques*, pages 10–34.

He quotes an excellent saying of M. Paul Fort: 'Ne croyez vous pas qu'imiter un écrivain, c'est lui témoigner un amour excessif?' M. Duhamel sets a very high value on mere originality; a derivation, however brilliant or subtle, does not move his admiration. In this he differs from the majority of readers, who are discomposed by originality and prefer to find talent walking in well-established paths. But there is truth in M. Duhamel's point of view. If an author avoids mere eccentricity, he cannot be too original. We are so held by tradition, so liable to be influenced by the manner and matter of the generations immediately preceding us, that revolt is seldom too violent.

'Novelty,' says Remy de Gourmont, 'is a condition of beauty.' This introductory essay is followed by studies of individual poets among whom Romains and Vildrac are best known in England. Granted that M. Duhamel writes with a considerable bias — unbiased criticism is usually insipid — in favor of Vildrac and Romains, we have to admit that *Propos Critiques* is the best possible introduction to an interesting body of modern experimental poetry.

Propos Critiques which aroused considerable discussion in Paris and even had, I remember, its repercussions in London, was followed in 1913 by *Paul Claudel* and in 1914 by *Les Poètes et la Poésie*, both issued by *Le Mercure de France*. In his book on Claudel, M. Duhamel showed that he was capable of utilizing, in a long, critical study, the gifts of penetration and analysis which he displayed in *Propos Critiques*.

For some years M. Duhamel has been critic of poetry for *Le Mercure de France*. The articles he wrote in that capacity were reprinted in book form early in 1914 under the title *Les Poètes et la Poésie*. One essay he calls

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'Evasion? Acceptation?' Shall we accept life as we find it and create our poetry from it, or shall we evade life and take refuge in dreams, in erudition, in a fanciful unreal world? M. Duhamel is all in favor of 'acceptation.' He does not dogmatize—'la fin justifie tout; le poème seul importe.'

Whether in his poetry, his plays, his 'war books,' or even his criticism, he builds upon this principle. His attitude is very different from that of, let us say, Anatole France, who accepts life indeed, but accepts it purely as a spectator. M. Duhamel accepts life and plunges into it with all his ardor.

M. Duhamel made his first appearance as an author with a book of poems *Des Légendes, des Batailles* published in 1907, by L'Abbaye, which was a sort of artists' colony established in the environs of Paris. The poetry of M. Duhamel is carefully founded on the principles which he enunciated in his criticism. He has entirely cut out the world of allusion and association by which so many poets have found beauty and expressed emotion. He has, as it were, denied the memory of Europe. By so doing, by trying to make each of his poems an individual creation owing everything to him, he loses one of the richest of the attractions of poetry, an attraction which is to be found in the most popular of ballads as well as in the most aristocratic of measures. When, for example, Propertius returns to that oldest of themes, the death of beautiful women, he obtains pathos and loveliness from the mere recital of famous names:

> Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
> Vobiscum Europa, nec proba Pasiphae.

Had he merely said: 'All the fair women of the past are dead,' we should not be moved as we are by this cumulative effect of women's names, each with its association as profound in the Assisian's time as in ours. All effects of this kind are strictly banished from M. Duhamel's poetry; wrongly as I believe, for, after all, the very words he uses are the legacy of some forgotten poet, the sense which he is forced to give them, the sense imprinted upon them by the dead. We do not need to reject this legacy but to make fresh use of it. To fear so deeply the work of others argues weakness. We should not ignore tradition but bend it to our own purposes.

In his three books *Selon Ma Loi, L'Homme en Tête*, and *Compagnons*, M. Duhamel has pursued scrupulously his ideal of poetry. Perhaps one might roughly define these poems as a personal expression of finer or neglected points of psychology. His plainness of diction, his avoidance of color, *éclat*, image, his preference for subdued, often commonplace, subjects, give him a sort of relationship with certain modern English poets. He has their typical dryness and essential monotony; poetry without joy, without grief, without distinction. Poetry which fears ridicule.

There is no great difference between the three books; the technique becomes sounder, the choice of words a little harder and more expressive, the *vers libre* more varied. But they are poems of a man who has robbed himself of spontaneity by a theory.

Le Combat, a play in *vers libre*, published in 1913 by *Le Mercure de France*, has a certain power and originality, but the characters are too much in the nature of 'types' and the types themselves inaccurately observed. Very much better than this is the prose drama *Dans l'Ombre des Statues*, played at the Odéon in October, 1912, and published in the same year by *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. This play, original in motive and psychology, is

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not of the kind that readily gains popular applause on the stage. I do not know what sort of a reception it had when it was played, but after re-reading it I come back to the same conclusion—namely, that it is too abstract to be popular. The motive is of a sort peculiar to the author and is carried out with considerable skill. It is the struggle for personal liberty, the revolt of youth against the tyranny of another personality. And, as so often in life, the revolt here ends in failure.

Robert Bailly, the reputed son of a great dead author, is harassed continually by the necessity of living up to the tradition of his father's glory; he cannot escape from it; the house, the garden, even the girl he loves are spoiled for him by this sinister *outre-tombe* influence. Then he learns that Emmanuel Bailly was not his father at all, and his father was merely a poor obscure painter. Freedom! He sees his chance to go away, to get rid of the name he has come to hate, to live his own life, be himself. But just as he is at the point of escape, he is intercepted by his mother who forces him to remain to 'expiate her fault' toward Emmanuel Bailly by safeguarding his fame.

This plot is worked out cleverly. The detestable humbug which surrounds the establishments of notorious personages is exposed with sharp irony; and the struggle of the boy to attain to his own life, his bitter failure under the weight of circumstance, are done with power. The tragedy — it is a tragedy in the Aristotelian sense as most modern 'tragedies' are not — is peculiarly of the kind Duhamel, with his keen sense of personal liberty, is so well fitted to express. There is, perhaps, a symbolical sense behind the actual interplay of characters. The richly stored library which imprisons this young creature, so eager for life, is a symbol of the vast literary tradition of Europe — the social tradition too — which crushes out the *élan* and enthusiasm and originality of so many young minds. Futurism? Perhaps, but certainly of a sane, reasoned kind, the kind which does not aim at mere destruction, but holds that life is so much more important than books, than institutions, than conventions.

Specimen Days of Walt Whitman contains some forty pages of notes on the Civil War, scribbled down at hazard on fragments of paper, stained sometimes, as Whitman remarks, with the blood of wounded and dying men. These simple records of war's horrible and most real side made a profound impression on my mind when I was growing up. They took away the idea that war was a glorious enterprise, an 'adventure' like the voyages of the Elizabethans. The impression I received from Whitman was more than confirmed by my experience of the European war; it was emphatically not 'glorious,' in any romantic sense of the word, but only in the sense that superhuman endurance of pain, discomfort, terror, dirt, misery, is 'glorious.' This 'reality of war,' this suffering, this intense torture of the flesh and spirit, Whitman was one of the first to record.

In reading M. Duhamel's *La Vie des Martyrs* my memory went back to *Specimen Days*, not because I imagined M. Duhamel to have been in the least imitating the older book (he has very likely never read it), but because *La Vie des Martyrs* has much the same spirit as Whitman, though perhaps less robustness. War has changed very little. Pages of Whitman could easily be inserted in *La Vie des Martyrs* and remain true; pages of Duhamel would not be out of place in *Specimen Days*. Let me repeat that I make this parallel

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not to disparage M. Duhamel but to praise him. Like Whitman he has set down the truth without any 'literary' concern whatever. There is no attempt at heroics in the book, no attempt at distortion for any ulterior motive. If it pleads at all, it pleads for pity, for humanity. It is free from hatred and partisanship. It is the record of an overwrought human soul in contact with almost incredible miseries. Because it is simple and unassuming, its effect is telling, because there is no propaganda behind it, but just humanity — sentimental humanity, if you like — it is very moving.

It is — to revert to M. Duhamel's own phrase — an acceptation, not an evasion. Assert, if you choose, that it is not a great work of the imagination; the imagination even of a Dante halts behind these monstrous realities. There was no need to invent; the whirlpool of battle, casting out its human débris produced horror enough. *La Vie des Martyrs* is a man's book in spite of its emotionalism. It deals with realities which surpass the often factitious emotions of women; before this agony, this terror, this monstrous combat, the presence of women is unnecessary, almost impertinent. The friendship of ordinary men, united by mutual suffering, is something very hostile to the emotion of Tristram and Iseult. There grows up a dumb irritation, an unspoken condemnation, a desire to thrust women away from what does not concern them. It is certain that soldiers long for the presence of women; it is no less certain that their intrusion is resented, as M. Duhamel seems to resent it, in this one of the few bitter passages of his book:

> A lady who is a duchess at the least came to visit the wounded. She exhaled so violent and so sleek a perfume that she surely never perceived the odor of pain which reigns here.

The irony is harsh, but comprehensible. There are passages of *La Vie des Martyrs*, simple sentences which have behind them a world of anguish.

I am unwilling to say anything against *La Vie des Martyrs* since I consider it one of the most moving documents produced by the war. Its very faults are of its essence; its qualities precisely those of a keen mind, a sensitive personality, unceasingly confronted with the spectacle of incredible disaster. Certainly, toward the end especially, there is a *lyrisme* which is a little repugnant to an Anglo-Saxon mind; but since the book contains so much that no Anglo-Saxon has had the courage and talent to record, we have no right to complain. There are people who will call this book 'sentimental'; they will be those who know nothing of the scenes it records and whose imagination, whose pity, are warped by selfishness and arrogance.

Civilization, which followed *La Vie des Martyrs*, is a continuation of the same themes. The war, so prodigal in suffering, whose immense destruction of human happiness we are only just beginning to realize, furnished a multitude of subjects for M. Duhamel's talent. Most of what I have said of *La Vie des Martyrs* applies equally to this book. There are episodes, little traits of character of 'common men' — their inexpressible courage and goodness — which wring one's sensibilities. M. Duhamel's world of hospital wounded is little known to me, but I know and have lived with the sort of men he saw daily brought to him on stretchers, and I know that he has expressed them as very few have done. In pieces like *Sur la Somme* he has set down again the stark realities of war. Sometimes as in *La Dame en Vert* he has set free a little of that bitterness which in spite of every effort grew up in one's nature when continually faced

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with this misery. Sometimes, as in *Amours de Ponceau*, he adds a tang of satire to a sort of affectionate and paternal sentiment. Sometimes, as in *Régulatrice*, he can be as horrible as Poe. But in every case he has set down with simplicity and directness the things he has seen and experienced. In the last episode of the book he passes judgment on civilization:

> There is nothing of civilization in all this gallimaufry; and if civilization is not in the heart of man, why, it is nowhere.

On top of these two war books M. Duhamel has placed a third: *La Possession du Monde*. It is a book which fails because it has attempted something rather immense; it proposed to itself nothing less than the imparting of wisdom to mankind. M. Duhamel must pardon us if we show our disappointment, for he tells us not much that is new, and many of the things he says have been better said before. *La Vie des Martyrs* and *Civilization* had faults which one readily passed over because, through the intensity of their sympathy, the closeness of their observation, these books possessed reality. They had a sharpness, a pungency, which relieved the feeling of excessive sentiment. They were 'war documents' with all the strained, 'nightmareish' intensity of an overwrought spirit.

That sharp touch of actuality gone, *La Possession du Monde* remains a book one would rather M. Duhamel had not published. This book is a protest against commercialism and a purely commercial view of life, which in seeking to create means of enjoyment destroys more than it creates. So far it is admirable. But since it neglects certain obvious truths of human existence, it becomes a failure not only as a philosophy but as a work of art. It is very far from the serene wisdom of Anatole France, the acrid wisdom of Remy de Gourmont. It is a book for the 'bon bourgeois'; it is related to Karr's *Voyage Autour de mon Jardin*, to Maeterlinck's *Trésor des Humbles*, to Christianity of a certain type, to Whitman in his least virile moods. It has a kind of displeasing unction and self-satisfaction. Far preferable are the dryness of his earlier poetry, the intellectual distinction of his criticism, even the patient copying from life in *La Vie des Martyrs*. It is the worst book he has written and doubtless will be the most popular.

To sum up: *La Vie des Martyrs* and *Civilization* are worth reading because they set down truthfully certain aspects of a great calamity. *Propos Critiques, Les Poètes et la Poésie*, and the *Essai sur la Technique Portique* are eminently worth reading because they define an æsthetic, are part of the intellectual history of our time, and expose a new attitude. *Sous l'Ombre des Statues* is well worth reading because it deals cleverly with interesting psychologies and an original situation. M. Duhamel's poetry is worth reading because it is his own creation, and attempts to bring into poetry realities of perception and thought which had fled to prose. M. Duhamel's writing is of importance in modern culture.

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

A WORLD REVIVAL OF HANDICRAFTS

We buy a manufactured article because a machine makes the article for us more cheaply and conveniently than we can make it ourselves; thus the cloth woven in factory towns replaces the honest and laboriously-made homespun; let the machine process, however, become over-costly, more costly even than the clumsy efforts of home manufacture, and the situation will be reversed; the homespun industries will thrive, and every house will once more become a workshop. This is exactly what is taking place today all over the civilized world. To use a homely illustration, Mr. X, who used to buy his shirts ready-made at the haberdasher's, is now content to buy good cloth and let Mrs. X and her needle provide the manufactured article. The economic law, for the most part unperceived, is fulfilling itself in a thousand different ways. In fact, the world over, there is a genuine revival of the old handicrafts.

Though born of economic tribulation and not of the spirit, the revival is a pleasant thing to chronicle. We have too long suffered the mastery of the machine; we have too casually watched it robbing the articles of daily use of beauty, individuality, and humanity. For instance, compare a wooden spoon made by a Russian peasant with a wooden spoon turned out by some abominable mill. The one is a genuine creation of personal art; it has enabled a human spirit to express itself imaginatively and with beauty; its very imperfections are likable; the other is a lifeless affair whose manufacture has necessitated the selling of a human being into slavery — no, not the slavery of capitalism or the worse slavery of Socialism, but the soul-destroying slavery of the machine. Those who have worked in factories and understand the nature of the machine have no socialistic illusions. They know that strikes are no longer battles for better wages and hours but the cry of the distressed human soul and body in bondage to an unnatural kind of labor. If the revival of handicrafts can lessen the spiritual curse of the industrial system, it will mean a renaissance of our machinery-ridden civilization. It is an engine at hand by which the chicanery of the profiteers and the arrogance of the industrial laborer can be brought under control.

And now, if ever, the time is at hand. To be successful, a revival of handicrafts must be something more than an artist's gospel of perfection, it must be an economic possibility. Today's revival is more than possible, it is a true product of the working of an economic law. In England the movement is widespread. Ruskin as a prophet has at last come into his own; in Germany societies have been founded to encourage and develop household arts and there have been exhibitions of handicrafts at Leipzic and Berlin.

America has inherited from her colonial artisans a handicraft tradition of exceptional dignity and beauty. May these roots, which have never died, thrust out new branches.

Should they grow and bear fruit, it will mean much for human happiness.

H. B. B.

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POETRY is the voice of the solitary man. The poet is always a solitary; and yet he speaks to others — he would win their attention. Thus it follows that every poem is a social act done by a solitary man. A poet is a solitary come to a king's court, since, being conscious of his high lineage, he could not mingle with any of the lesser crowds. He is courteous with anxiety and with ceremony — anxious to show that he has taken all pains. Hence the poet's artistry with which he elaborates and embroiders every phrase. And being an alien from the strange land of the solitary, he cannot be expected to admonish or to sermonize, or uplift, as it is called; and so take part in the cabals and intrigues in other lands of which he knows nothing, being himself a stranger from a strange land, the land of the solitary. People listen to him as they would to any other traveler come from distant countries, and all he asks for is courtesy even as he himself is courteous.

Inferior poets are those who forget their dignity — and, indeed, their only chance of being permitted to live — and to make friends try to enter into the lives of the people whom they would propitiate, and so become teachers and moralists and preachers. And soon for penalty of their rashness and folly they forget their own land of the solitary, and its speech perishes from their lips. The traveler's tales are of all the most precious, because he comes from a land — the poet's solitude — which no other feet have trodden and which no other feet will tread.

J. B. YEATS.

SIR J. M. BARRIE's new play, the title of which he has refused to disclose, is to be produced at the Haymarket Theatre. The cast includes Mr. Robert Loraine, Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Norman Forbes, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Mr. Arthur Whitby, Miss Jean Cadell, and Miss Mary Jerrold.

A NEW play by another writer of distinction, Mr. John Galsworthy, is very shortly to be produced at the St. Martin's. In this case the title is known — it is *The Skin Game* — but the date is uncertain. Here again the cast is exceeding strong, the company including Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Athole Stewart, Miss Helen Haye, Miss Mary Clare, Miss Mary Byron, Miss Blanche Stanley, and Miss Meggie Albanesi. The piece can be run at the St. Martin's for a few weeks only; the theatre being required for another production in or about Whitsun week.

LOVERS of Dumas may care to hear Mr. Gosse's account of the Dumas-Maquet controversy which has just broken out again. Nothing surprises French people more than to hear Englishmen of mature growth talking about the novels of Alexandre Dumas. In France that prolific writer holds his modest place in literary history through his romantic plays, such as *Antony* and *Charles VII*, but his stories, though still, I believe, much read by French schoolboys, are not any longer considered to demand critical attention. This is very curious, in the face of the almost delirious admiration which they have continued to receive in this country and in America. Apparently, founded as they were on the model of Walter Scott, they appeal to the Anglo-Saxon and not to the Latin mind. Thackeray, who uses the language of hyperbole in praise of *The Three Musketeers*, had nothing but scorn for Balzac and George Sand, and does not seem to have been aware of the existence of Stendhal.

In later times the serious rehabilitation of Dumas was largely brought about in England by two enthusiasts

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for stirring literary adventure, Andrew Lang and Robert Louis Stevenson; but there was no response in Paris to their raptures. This is not the place for a discussion of the cause of so curious a divergency of taste, which would lead us far into the recesses of national personality. If English readers of distinction prefer *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* to *La Chartreuse de Parme*, as Andrew Lang sturdily did, and if French readers of the same class put *Monte Cristo* on a level with Eugène Sue's *Wandering Jew*, what is the use of disputing?

The admirers of Dumas being mainly Anglo-Saxons, it is of more interest to us than to Parisians that the everlasting Maquet controversy has just broken out again. We all know that Dumas was convicted in his own lifetime of manufacturing his stories by the help of a body of collaborators, whom he paid for their work, but not too lavishly. Of these the foremost was Auguste Maquet, who delightfully signed himself, in the early Romantic age, Augustus MacKeats. Between these gentlemen there were unseemly squabbles almost from the first; M. Gustave Simon has written an entertaining book on the subject, *Histoire d'une Collaboration*. In 1859 the dispute came to a head, Maquet claiming in law that his name should appear with Dumas's on every title page, and that he should share the royalties. On the former plea he lost his suit after a long trial, but the tribe of Maquettists has always remained faithful. Dumas died in 1870; Maquet, never ceasing to proclaim that he was the main author both of *The Three Musketeers* and of *Monte Cristo* lived on until 1888. His heirs possess his manuscripts, and they declare that these prove all the most famous scenes in those romances to have issued directly from the brain and pen of Auguste Maquet. The law courts, on previous occasions, admitted the right of his estate to a share in the royalties, but these will come to an end in 1924 unless the Maquet family contrive to get authority for their client's name to be printed on every first copy of the works as co-author with Dumas. It is a very pretty quarrel, which may now any day concern the Parisian advocates.

Mr. J. Thomas Looney has recently published a book identifying Shakespeare with Edward De Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford.

A Swedish male dancer of exceptional talent is appearing for the first time in Paris at the Comédie des Champs Elysées. M. Jean Borlin is *premier danseur* at the Royal Opera, Stockholm, and is the inventor of many original dances. M. Borlin dances alone and entirely unsupported, except by the orchestra, and includes in his programme some Swedish popular dances, a 'danse Tzigane' (Henry VIII Ballet, Saint-Saëns), a Dervish dance (Glazounow, Salomé dance), Harlequin (Chopin, Etudes), 'Danse Celeste' ('Lakmé'), 'Devant la Mort' (Liszt, 'St. Francis Walking on the Waves'), and lastly, and perhaps most extraordinary of all, 'Sculpture Nègre' (Scriabin, Poème-Nocturne).

In this last the dancer transforms himself into the living likeness of some rude negro sculpture, hewn out of wood, and, clad in an ashy-gray-black skin-fitting *maillot*, decorated with barbaric plumes and tufts, is able to evoke by his ungainly gestures and waddling gait the image of a primitive and loathsome creature, half-man, half-ape. M. Borlin's range of expression is great, and the best part of his performance is the skillful and accurate way in which he reproduces the 'stylistic' features of archaic and exotic art, whether he appears as a bronze Indian idol (as in the

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'Danse Celeste'), or as some emaciated, haggard martyr (as in 'Devant la Mort'), with ashen skin, wild hair, and shaggy beard, clad only in a scarlet loin-cloth, as in some hectic vision of El Greco, or again as a frenzied dervish, spinning round, enveloped in his enormous floating 'skirts,' or prostrating himself, exhausted, on the ground, with staring eyes and muttering lips.

M. Borlin's technique is extremely good and he uses his arms with extraordinary effect. His style is individual, and free from Russian influences, and his ideas are stimulating and original.

The orchestra, under the direction of M. Ingelbrecht, besides accompanying the dancer, also plays an interesting selection of modern music, including 'L'Après-Midi d'un Faune' and Florent Schmitt's 'Feuillets de Voyage.'

WITHIN the last month the Paris stage has been enriched by two spectacles either of which is well worth the trouble of a journey from London. They are widely different, so widely that it seems as if the brain had separate compartments for its memory of them, and could not pigeonhole them together as plays. The first is a triumph of a single personality — the direct personality of a player; the second a triumph of many, seen through the imagination of one.

Sarah Bernhardt's return to her own stage in Paris has been long promised, twice despaired of, often put off. People who lose a leg sometimes give up active life. People who have desperate illnesses and desperate operations sometimes retire. People who are seventy-five are sometimes old. None of these banalities appeal to the Lady Chrysostom of the French stage. She is not even content with revivals, but makes her reappearance in a part she has never played before. Nor is she content to let this part be one new to her audience, so that the interest attaching to the unknown and unexpected may support her; she selects Athalie, crowning character of that tragedy which Voltaire called the masterpiece of the human spirit.

Of course, she triumphs. She is Sarah, and it is impossible to imagine a Paris public that would not swallow whatever she gave them. But her triumph is not by any means primarily due to her immense reputation. Her Athalie is a triumph in itself. This is the real daughter of Jezebel and Ahab, in whom cruelty and pride and ruthlessness and ambition were so naturally born (seeing what a pretty couple her parents were), that she expresses them as inevitably as a rose exhales sweetness, and really is almost as innocent of wickedness as a rose is guilty of loveliness.

Yet, although she is great in her majesty when borne in a litter on to the stage, a vision of gleaming gold and jewels and shadow; although, defiant and angry and terrible, Racine's great lines of denunciation roll from her with the power of thunder; yet, she is most wonderful in her scene with the young Joas. There again we have after so long the Bernhardt smile that vies in sweetness even with the Irving smile, now vanished. There we have the grace of tender gesture. There we have, above all, the 'golden voice,' winning, seductive, rising and falling like distant bells across the evening cornfields, and giving one the same wistful enjoyment.

Athalie is being staged for very few performances. This is an opportunity not to be missed, because the single personality which dominates the whole thing must, say in a few generations, go to seek Racine on Olympus, must at some time, however full of vitality, leave us. May it be long hence.

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[*The Poetry Review*]

WALKING IN SPRING

BY CYRIL GORDON TAYLOR

Walking in spring earth's joys go with me, all
The pride of hills, trees, flow'rs, and fields new-born;
And little streams come singing up the morn
To run awhile beside me. Blue skies call
Ahead, but here keep pace with me. And small
White flocks of clouds go with me too. And shorn
Of its mane the wind. Only the road, in scorn,
Darts on before, hearing my slow foot-fall.

Who lacks companionship on such a day
Lacks the sweet surge of life within his veins!
Goes friendless in a world of friends — ignores
Beauty's wide nod and feels no answering ray!
O, I have found more friendship in spring lanes
Than ever came two-footed to my doors.

THE NIGHT

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

Be quiet, bird,
  Be silent all
That e'er were heard
  And cease to call.

Drop perfume, rose
  And flowers white,
Put off your shows,
  For see, 't is night.

Soft creatures slow
  Begin to pass,
And thousands grow
  From out the grass.

With deep low whirr
  The air is full,
And through the fir
  The moon shines cool.

There is no pain:
  Sorrow is dead;
Slow Charles's Wain
  Wheels overhead.

There is no grief,
  All things have ease;
No bough or leaf
  Stirs on the trees.

[*The New Witness*]

SONNET

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

The love that to the lover said: '*I love.*'
When the proud world does most my world despise,
Vaunting what most my human heart must grieve,
Choosing what most I value to disprize,
Deriding most that which I most believe,
When the proud world, I say, does most offend
The artless passion of my patient heart
Till I despair the morrow make amend
And before sunset from the sun would part.

Then in my ruin's hour remembrance brings
Faith to my doubt, to my intention grace
Reminding me how feebly fall such stings
On one whose eyes dared once your eyes to face
And read in them, what no ill can remove.

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The Atlantic Monthly Educational Bureau

THIS new department of the Atlantic Monthly Company is gathering all available information regarding the private schools of this country, and from the data so obtained is able to assist parents and guardians in their selection of a school for their children and wards. Inquiries about summer camps for boys and girls are also invited.

The Atlantic Monthly Educational Bureau

The Atlantic Monthly Company

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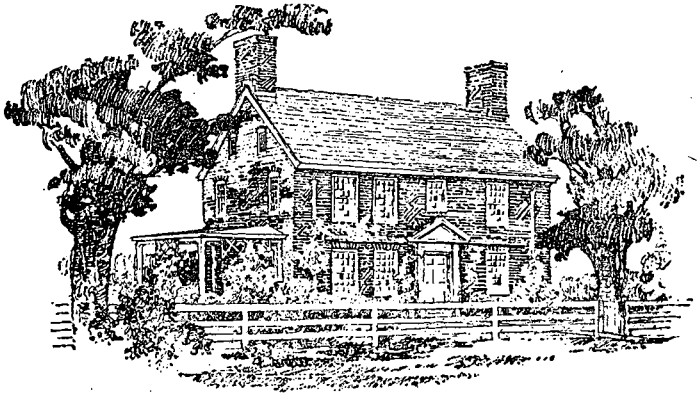

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